

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2308

London

September 19, 1945



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THE TATLER

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 19, 1945

and **BYSTANDER**

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Swabe

Engaged To Be Married:

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy is to marry Mr. Francis Williams, who is the elder son of the late Mr. Henry Harcourt Williams, and of Dolores Lady Rendlesham, of Penair, Truro, Cornwall, widow of the sixth baron who died in 1938. Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, who has served throughout the war as a VAD at St. Thomas's, is the younger daughter of the late Viscountess Ipswich, and sister of the late Duke of Grafton



A Perfect Secretary

Major L. Findlay of Aberdeen, Director of the UNRRA Middle East Office's Health Division, has as his secretary Mrs. Charles Johnston, who before her marriage was Princess Natasha Bagration



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

The Habit of Austerity

WATCHING my fellow-countrymen, as with resigned but not unhappy faces, they fall into queues at the least provocation; observing the quiet Satanic glee of the shopkeepers as they announce no cigarettes, no gin, no whisky, no chickens, no rice, no fish, no nothing, I cannot help slightly sharing the suspicion of a shrewd and cynical Belgian crony who visited London recently, and after a few appalled days fled back to the comparative plenty of his country.

He refused to believe a victorious country need know such privations in her hour of triumph. Why, for instance, hadn't we all got private cars? In Belgium one could put one's hand on a thousand litres of petrol as easy as say "knife." *Evidemment*

—the "Ministerio del Estado" before lunch time. But then of course, one only went to the Opera towards eleven p.m. And that was the start of the evening.

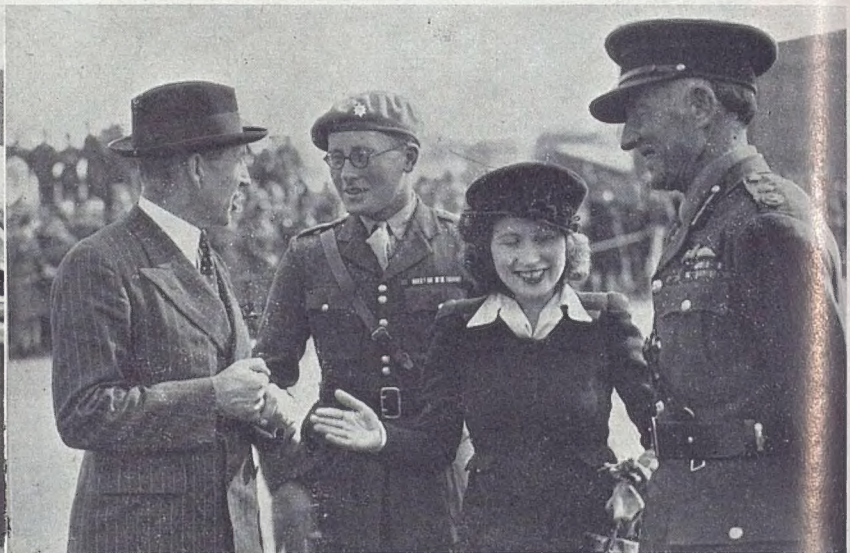
The Musical Policeman

SPANIARDS are generally rather suspicious of foreigners who profess an interest in *flamenco*. Once in a moment of madness, outside the Ministerio de la Gobernación in Madrid, I followed a hunch which told me the policeman on point duty was an Andalucian, and asked him where I could hear *flamenco*. For a moment he was all distrust. Then he melted. He looked furtively round the cold and deserted Puerta del Sol, saw no traffic to regulate, and commanded me to



The New Governor of Northern Ireland and His Family Arrive at Long Kesh

Ulster's new Governor, Vice-Admiral the Earl Granville is seen with the Countess Granville walking to their car on arrival at Long Kesh. Earl Granville was formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and he married Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's sister, in 1916



The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Sir Basil Brooke, welcomed the new Governor and his family on their arrival. He is seen with Major Lord Leveson, who is in the Coldstream Guards, Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, and the Marquess of Londonderry



POW General Returns Home

Major-General H. D. W. Sitwell, M.C., British G.O.C. in Java, has just returned to his home after three and a half years as a prisoner of the Japs, and has given a "no mercy for the Japs" message to the British people. He is seen with his wife in the garden

les anglais s'organisent mal. And why? Because, he felt sure, we had got into the habit of suffering, and now found it almost unnatural not to do without.

Spanish Pleasures

ANOTHER friend, home for a few weeks' leave from Madrid, was as an Englishman even more disconcerted, I found, by the melancholy spectacle of a victorious London. He felt, he said, like foregoing the rest of his leave and making all speed back to his pleasant Madrilleno house. Meanwhile, he has brought me, as some slight compensation for talk of sunlight and gaiety, half a dozen gramophone records of *flamenco* music—the strange *canto hondo* based on a tradition the Moors left behind them in Andalucia, but which has been immeasurably developed by their Spanish conquerors.

This haunting idiom, largely rendered by the Andalucian gipsies, sounds strange enough perhaps to unaccustomed ears. But once it has caught you, it is, I think, the only popular music worth listening to, save perhaps certain dragonese Aragonese *jotas*, some songs from Valencia, a little Cuban music, and a few Brazilian airs. But then I am prejudiced in favour of the Iberian musical idiom. I find it like a good tonic with its evocations of sunlight and of evenings when one can stay up indefinitely because nobody will dream of doing any work on the morrow till midday at least. How vain, for instance were one's efforts to ring up the Madrid Foreign Office

follow him. He took me to a bedraggled and obscure Andalucian café, where I heard some of the most agreeable singing with which one could hope to while away an evening. . .

During the last year I have often been lifted out of melancholy and fatigue by the Spanish songs of a friend of mine, Don Jaime Bowen, belonging to an Anglo-Irish family long settled in Valencia. Don Jaime has been working in the Spanish service of the B.B.C. When the spirit moves him he regales a few chosen cronies with *fandangillos* and *jotas* and *canto hondo* sung with one of the pleasantest voices of its sort to be heard outside Spain.

Jaime Bowen will shortly be seen on the screen. He sings some of his Spanish songs in a film, provisionally called *Caravan* and based on Eleanor Smith's novel of the same name, which my old friend Harold Huth is now producing at Gainsborough Studios.

A Dream of Madrid

IF finance and exit permits permit, I dream of revisiting Madrid next spring. Whatever one's views on the present Spanish regime, I gather Madrid at the moment presents an appearance of elegance and gaiety which must inevitably dazzle the poor traveller who for five years has only known Austerity England. I have not been in Spain since the Civil War, and certain landmarks I will inevitably miss. An empty space now marks the site of a great rambling house where I used to stay—a palace so labyrinthine, I used sometimes



Air Marshal Tours S.E.A.C

Air Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph R. Cochrane, A.O.C.-in-C. Transport Command (right) has been touring India, Burma and Ceylon. He is seen arriving at a S.E.A.C. air strip with Air Vice-Marshal C. E. M. Guest to inspect an R.A.F. Group of Transport Command

to think I would never find my way down from bedroom to noble hall. The first time I stayed there, I was groping down a long dark corridor, when I heard a reedy voice whisper, or rather sigh: "Mind the step." There was indeed a step there. I looked round to see who had given me the friendly warning.

It was a moment or so before I saw, high up in a niche, a dwarf, dressed in the livery of my host. At once I was transported by the spectacle of this midget so curiously employed, into the fantastic age of the mad king, Carlos II, at the end of the seventeenth century, when the Palace dwarfs in Spain became such a pest, no ministers could exchange state secrets or lovers their passionate avowals without some minute and mischievous figure standing on his tiptoes at the keyhole.

I want again to eat "arroz a la Valenciana," that exquisite combination of chicken, rice and shell-fish, to see the Goyas at the Florida church, and to go to a really slap-up bullfight.

Tate Masterpieces

THERE is a most exciting exhibition at the Tate on their way back from exile. A lovely Degas for instance—how strange it is he only died about 1915 or thereabouts—of bathers on a beach, the sandy background enlivened with fantastic figures under towels: a Picasso of the "Blue Period," of a young girl in a chemise. One can almost smell the insidious odour of cabbage that invades her electric-blue bedroom: a very romantic Renoir of a miss, bow under her young chin, in a box at the theatre with her chaperone, and a Gainsborough painting of two dogs, the ugly teeth of one rendered with such frightening care, one has the impression almost of a human portrait.

A beautiful Thornhill that makes one realize how neglected is this English master of fresco, and a terrifying Rouaux group—"La Mariee." This brilliant exhibition compensates me for queues and the unnecessary squalors of railway travel—a prolongation of wartime agony against which I am glad to see Sir Edward Spears has inveighed in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Meanwhile, if you are still exasperated by the Ministry of War Transport's reserving almost all the Sleepers for anonymous Civil Servants, by the lack of good food and decent drink, go to the National Gallery, and you will be convinced the war really is at an end.

Poupées de la Mode

I WENT today to the opening by the French Ambassador of the exhibition "Le Théâtre de la Mode" at Princes Galleries. This display of

the latest French fashions on dolls revives an ancient tradition connected with the importation of French fashions into this country. During the Anglo-French conflicts of the eighteenth century, not to speak of the Napoleonic wars, the habit was gradually growing of closing frontiers between belligerents. But a healthy smuggling trade persisted, and since bulk is always important in a contraband traffic, Paris fashions reached the ladies of England on dolls, several of which, if I remember rightly, survive in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The present show is no smugglers' affair. A committee over which presides the charming and industrious Lady Abingdon, has arranged the transference to London of this exhibition which was originally such a success at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in the Louvre. Almost all the great names of Parisian haute-couture are represented among the elegant dolls who posture against backgrounds designed by some of France's leading artists.

To my taste, by far the most charming sets were those dressed by Christian Bérard, and Jean Cocteau. Bébé Bérard's "Theatre Life," with its colour scheme of midnight blue, star-powdered, possessed a charmingly unwarlike fantasy. And having heard the most troubling stories of the fantasies into which women's fashions, as generally

happens after a war, were to launch themselves, I was enchanted to see that the ball-dresses in this set took up again the romantic flowing silhouette which houses like Banenciaga had developed just before the war.

After that post-war nightmare of beige and cloches hats into which I grew up, women's clothes were just reaching, it seems to me, a summit of imaginative fantasy and style when that essentially dowdy race of Germans must needs upset the fashion apple cart once more. I hope to goodness women will have the sense this time to continue dressing like princesses, as they did in 1939, and not try once more to look like paramilitary tomboys.

The French Ambassadors

THE French Ambassadors, Madame Massigli, who accompanied her distinguished husband to the exhibition, has become in a short year one of the most popular ambassadors whom France has ever sent to London. Young, beautiful, with a gusto for almost every detail of life ordinary and extraordinary, Madame Massigli enchanted us first by her Parisian hats, in the early days after liberation, then by her kindness, her conversation, her talents as a hostess. It is my only regret one sees her rarely save in a crowd of her devoted friends.



The United States and Australian Representatives Arrive in England for the Five-Power Conference

Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador in London, warmly greeted Mr. J. Byrnes, the United States Secretary of State, on his arrival at Southampton in the "Queen Elizabeth" for the Council of Foreign Ministers



The Australian Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Herbert Evatt, who is also in England for the Five-Power Conference, will add to his duties by temporarily acting as Australian High Commissioner in London



The French Socialist Leader and the Greek Prime Minister in London

M. Leon Blum, President of the Socialist Party of France and former Premier, recently arrived in England with his wife. It is his first visit to this country since the fateful May of 1940



Another visitor is Archbishop Damaskinos, seen with Mr. Bevin, who is in London for conference with Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin and other members of the Government. The Archbishop, who speaks no English, is well provided with interpreters

Myself at the Pictures

Giving It 'Em Hot

By James Agate

I AM getting worried about the shortage of film material which, as anybody with any sense must have foreseen, must happen the moment peace was declared. Personally, I want to forget the wretched war and so, I think, does everybody else. We have paid for it and we shall go on paying for it. But let paying be the end. We shall go on eating filthy food, doing without cigarettes, smoking dreadful British cigars, going about with frayed collars, darned socks, boots with holes in them, and suits falling to pieces. I don't mind. I don't care whether we owe America billions, trillions or quadrillions. I don't care whether Hitler is alive or dead. I am not interested in the number of Japanese who commit hara-kiri. I am indifferent to reconstruction, the atomic bomb having made all that nonsense pointless. But I will not, if I can help it, read another book, sit through another play about the war, or see another war film.

ALL publishers have known that with the coming of peace war books would be a drug in the market. And they have presumably laid their plans. All theatre managers know the same thing, and have presumably formulated some kind of policy. How about the film-merchants? Are they going to continue dishing up the same appalling tripe about the G.I. with the heart of gold, and the cutie who goes as a nurse to the Philippines? Let me tell them here and now, that if they do the cinemas will be empty. Let them remember what happened after the last war—how the theatre was not ready for *Journey's End*, or the film for *All's Quiet* until ten years later. I have no doubt that in ten years' time the screen will be ready for *All Quiet on the Eastern Front*. But it will have to be a fine picture, finely conceived and finely acted—and not the catchpenny tripe with which we are being fobbed off today.

offered to me this week at the Leicester Square Theatre entitled *The Strange Case of Uncle Harry*. As I remember, this was quite a good play about an over-coddled weakling (Manchester School of Drama, 1910) who wanted to marry a barmaid or something, and who, when his possessive sisters objected, poisoned one of them and arranged for the crime to look like the deed of the other. I remember how skilfully Michael Redgrave, Ena Burrill and Beatrix Lehmann made these three grotesques not only plausible but convincing. Now comes Hollywood and turns Harry into a dashing cavalier (George Sanders), the barmaid into a lady, and the two Ugly Sisters into nice, likeable creatures. The director, having used these falsifications to tie himself into an inextricable knot, then pretends that the whole thing was a dream. Or so I am given to understand. I left before the end, certain that it could not be more contemptible than the beginning or the middle. The director is Robert Siodmak, and I beg to assure Mr. S. that in the course of many years of film-going this is the worst picture I have ever seen.

I CANNOT understand why the little Carlton Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road is not full to overflowing. The custom there is



Captain Eddie begins with eight men marooned somewhere in the Pacific Ocean on two aeroplane life rafts. Their food and water gone, none of them expects to survive except Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker (Fred MacMurray). The story flashes back to Eddie's early life, where as a boy he nearly broke his neck several times experimenting with early flying machines. Later he becomes one of the world's leading racing drivers, and in the first World War, America's ace of air aces. When peace comes, he marries. At the end Captain Eddie's faith is justified, for at the last desperate moment the men are rescued. Left: Charles Bickford and Darryl Hickman. Right: Lynn Bari, Spring Byington and Fred MacMurray

HAVE you, dear reader, tried to plough through any of those war diaries? I have one in front of me and I read at random: "Stalin has issued three Orders of the Day." "There was no air raid tonight." "Where is the Luftwaffe, I wonder?" "Either I dreamed it or there was an air raid last night." "Had a hair-cut." "Our cat has been missing for eight days." I can't imagine how any one can want to read these nothings. Or would want to read them even if they were something. At this point I take leave to refer to a personal matter. Some readers may well be saying: "Yes, my dear J.A. But have you not yourself kept a diary throughout the war?" The answer is "Yes," and that throughout there are no allusions to the war. Except one, prophesying that the Germans would mop up Russia within three months. Which imbecility was retained as a warning to all other diarists about the futility of war prophecies.

IN the meantime what sort of films has Hollywood in view? I say "Hollywood" advisedly and not "Thames-side," since the latter has two pictures only—the one in which James Mason falls in love with Margaret Lockwood to the annoyance of Phyllis Calvert, and the other in which James becomes enamoured of Calvert to the dismay of Lockwood. Period: Regency, costume late-Victorian; alternatively, period late-Victorian, costume Regency. Everybody travels by mail-coach, which is robbed by Claude Duval mounted on Dick Turpin's mare. After which orgy of ineptitude there is a luncheon in the Fork Room at the Retch, and the cheaper Sunday papers come out with articles with titles such as "Why British Pictures Lead."

YET I would rather see this picture for the hundred and fifth time than the rubbish

to have one French film and one British one; by telephoning beforehand one can always find out when the British nonsense has exhausted itself. The French films, with English captions, are invariably entrancing. At least they are entrancing to me. I saw last week a model little film called *Les Yeux Noirs* with an exquisite performance by Simone Simon and a most moving one by Harry Baur, in my opinion as good an actor as Jannings at his best. When is the British film industry going to wake up to the fact that it hasn't got an actor who can play men of a certain age? Always with the exception of Frederick Leister whom it doesn't use, and Alfred Drayton, whom it won't use except for farce. There is a delicious performance, too, by Jules Berry, who seduces like a gentleman, and not, as a British producer would insist, like a counter-jumper in sports jacket and size ten in tennis shoes.



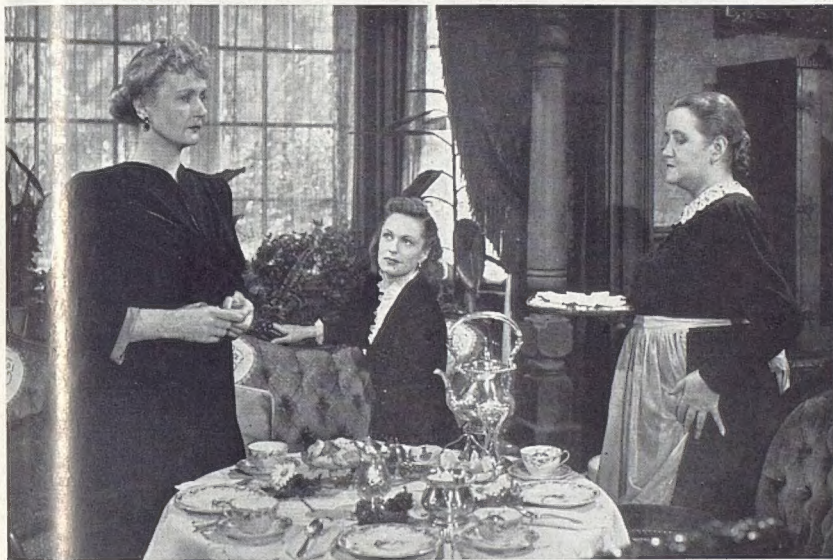
Harry Quincey (George Sanders) lives with his two sisters. Lettie (Geraldine Fitzgerald) who poses as an invalid, adores Harry to fuss over her

The Strange Affair Of "Uncle Harry"

A Story of Murder and Mental Torture



Harry is the one important person in the emotional existence of his sisters. He and Hester (Moyna Macgill) pet their aged dog while Lettie looks on

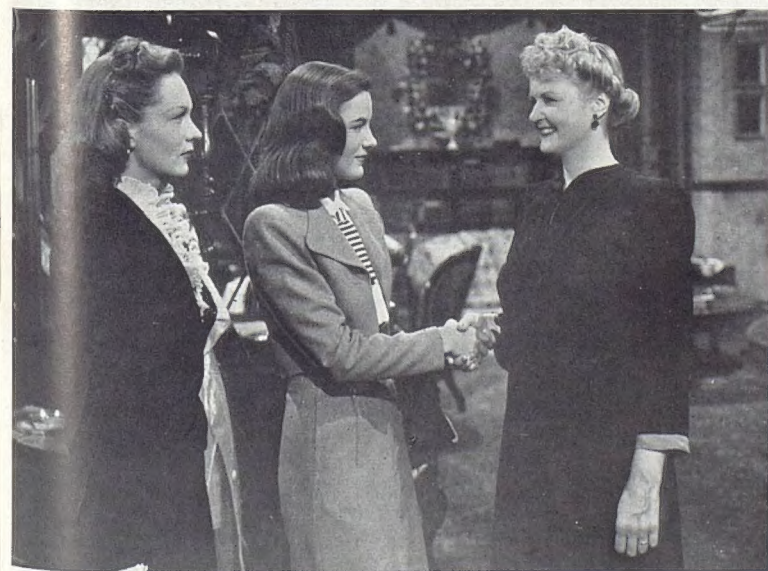


Harry falls in love, and is bringing his fiancée back home. The sisters, who are frantic with jealousy, bicker with Nona the maid (Sarah Allgood) while they are waiting for their arrival

● "Uncle Harry" is the film version of the play by Thomas Job. George Sanders takes the part of the weak-willed Harry Quincey, dominated by his two sisters who rule and fuss over every aspect of his existence. The crisis in their lives comes when Harry brings back the girl he intends to marry to their house, only to have his marriage thwarted by the sister Lettie on the very day of the wedding. This drives him to murder, the results of which eventually leave him in greater mental torture than ever before



Mad with rage, Harry plans to murder Lettie. He places poison in her cup, but instead Hester drinks it and dies and Lettie is accused of murder. When Harry writes a confession Lettie tears it up, determined to go to her death



Lettie and Hester meet Deborah (Ella Raines), Harry's fiancée, for the first time. However, Lettie deliberately thwarts the marriage and Deborah leaves Harry to marry her old employer

The Theatre

"Young Mrs. Barrington" (Winter Garden)

THE young Mrs. Barrington is a typical figure of the time. She was married four years ago to a dashing fighter pilot whom she has not seen since, and her married life has been no more than a brief, deliriously happy honeymoon and a long correspondence. On the eve of reunion there seems to be more than a chance that time may have made a fool of her and her marriage.

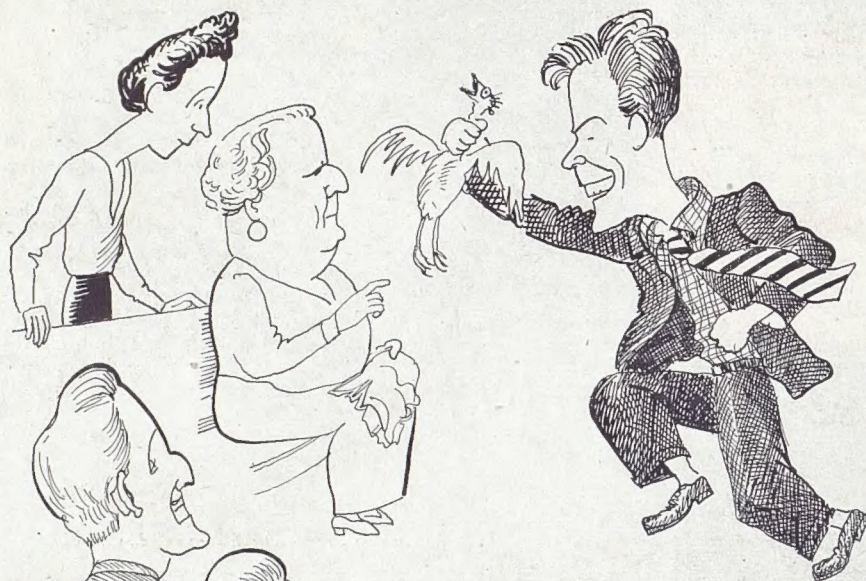
pressure, over-emphasizing neither the hopes nor the fears of the young wife. The first act leaves us eager to know what the answers will be.

AND the answers are worked out entertainingly enough, but much less excitingly than we had hoped. It becomes clear at once that the airman has come through his tremendous

experiences quite unscathed, mentally as well as physically. His mind is no more adult than it was four years ago. He settles down in a pleasantly oafish way to enjoy the adulation due to a fine war record. To his vaguely possessive mother he is still a wonderful small boy and he lets her have her way; to the silly little girl next door he is a "wizard" and he is not disinclined to let her have her way. It never for a moment occurs to him that his wife has carried through with credit an exhausting war job, that she is in any way different from the gay young wife he left at home or that there is any need for them to "get together" and readjust their lives to altered circumstances. The suburban home of his childhood is very comfortable, and the mother's comfortable assumption that he and his wife had better continue indefinitely to make it their home strikes him as an obviously sensible one.

It is at this point that the play takes the wrong turning, at any rate for those whose expectations are based on its first act. Instead of making a fresh attack upon a fresh theme, it falls back too far upon the stale humours of the mother-in-law and the "newly weds." If young Mrs. Barrington and her husband had not been parted for four years and had not differences of development to adjust their troubles would be much the same. She wants her husband to herself; his mother hates to lose her darling boy; and he would just as soon go on one of the old, jolly, family seaside holidays as go off somewhere alone with his wife. He is brought in the end to see her point of view, but only at the end of the same old play slickly reanimated. It gives us none the less good, easy entertainment. Miss Elliot Mason is in excellent form as the mother whose vagueness dominates the play: "Wonderful news, my dear, Nancy is engaged to Tim, and where are the fish knives?" and so on and so forth. There are the family comics, incisively put across by Mr. Peter Hammond and Miss Margaret Barton, an amusingly hilarious visitor neatly presented by Mr. Sydney King and a sketch of the sensible woman next door by Miss Joan Haythorne which establishes this newcomer to the London stage as an accomplished comedienne.

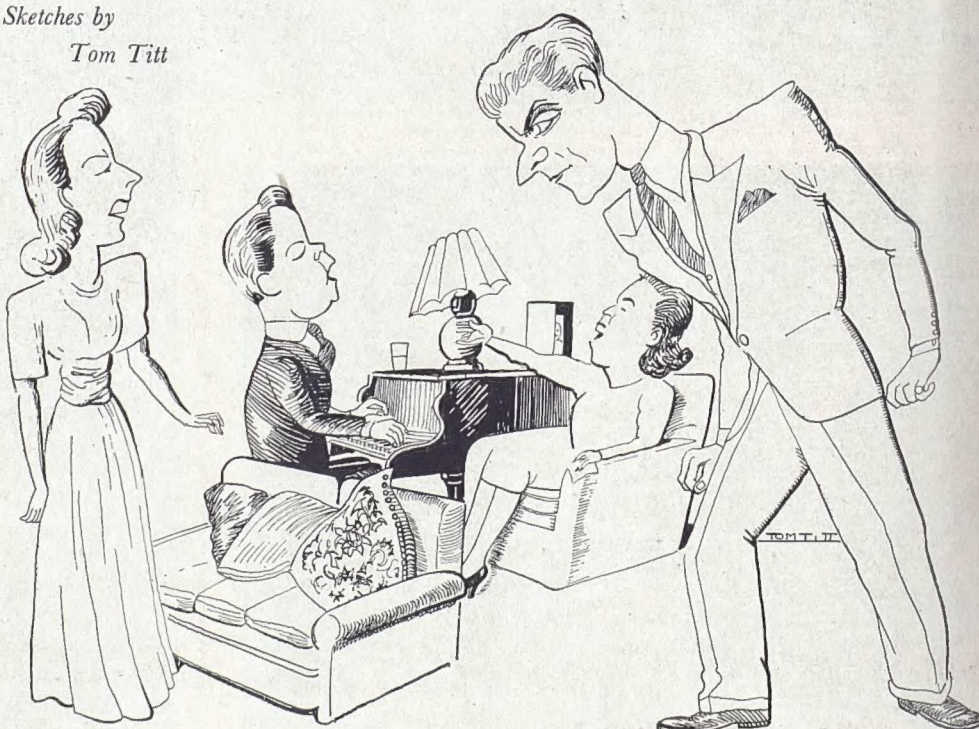
ANTHONY COOKMAN.



The stripling younger son (Peter Hammond) wrings the neck of one of his mother's laying fowls in a moment of exasperation. He produces it gleefully to his mother (Elliot Mason) who has more than a little to say about it, much to the amusement of the Colonel (Ivan Sampson), the flapper from next door (Joyce Linden) and her mother (Joan Haythorne)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

She is both attractive and efficient, and it is only as a grass widow that she has learned how pleasant it is to be strenuous and effective—and independent. She has shared an exacting wartime job with a charmingly sympathetic man, older but not less heroic than her boyish husband, a colonel whose life as an agent parachuted into occupied Holland has often depended on her efficient planning. Naturally he has influenced her swiftly developing mind and not unnaturally she has made a romantic impression on his. Now that her husband is coming home she is a great deal less happy than the colonel dutifully tells her she ought to be. What will Martin Barrington be like? What will four years of air fighting have done to his mind? Is she still in love with the happy-go-lucky boy she remembers? Will she have to fall in love afresh with a strange husband? These are interesting questions; the author, Mr. Warren Chetham Strode, puts them with lively directness; and Miss Leueen MacGrath applies to them exactly the right



The young Barringtons, Jo (Leueen MacGrath) and Martin (Tom Gill) have a family row to the accompaniment of a drunken chorus from Tim (Sydney King) and Martin's erstwhile serious-minded sister Nancy (Margaret Barton)



Lachlen, a dour Scottish sergeant, has only six weeks to live, though he does not know it. On his birthday, his fellow-patients in the ward, who are all in possession of the tragic secret, buy him presents, in the hope that they may break down his morose reserve. Emrys Jones as Lachlen, Margaretta Scott as the Sister, and Jerry Verno as Tommy

"The Hasty Heart"

The Play by John Patrick is Set
in a Hospital Ward in Burma

● The entire action of *The Hasty Heart* takes place in the Convalescent ward of a British General Hospital at the rear of the Assam front. It centres round a dour Scottish sergeant, played magnificently by Emrys Jones, who is dying of an incurable disease: through the course of the play he is eventually made to realise what it means to die among friends instead of bitterly and alone. It is primarily a comedy, and all the cast put up fine character performances. Margaretta Scott as the Sister, and only woman in the play, gives a performance full of sympathy and excellent professional touches. This original new play is produced by Murray Macdonald

Photographs by Houston Rogers



Lachlen: "My bonnie Maggie!"

Margaret: "Oh, no—not Maggie!"

Sister Margaret's tenderness and understanding eventually soften Lachlen, and he asks her to marry him. Although she is aware that he is a dying man, Margaret accepts him

Lachlen: "I don't want to die alone"

The M.O. has broken the news to Lachlen of his inevitable death, and tells him that he can return to Scotland for the short remainder of his life. Lachlen at first turns against his friends and the woman he loves, thinking kindness to have been no more than pity, but they make him change his mind

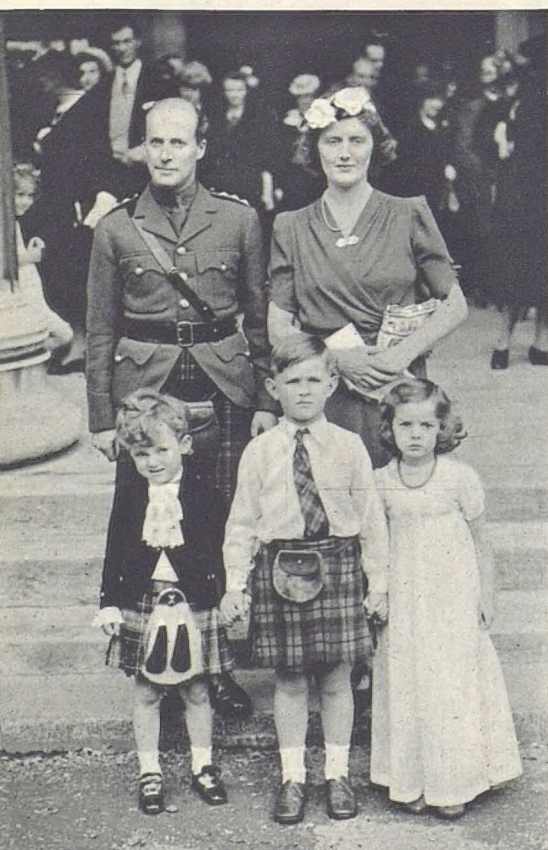
ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country



London Wedding

Lieut.-Col. Robert Coates, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Clive and Lady Celia Coates, married Lady Patricia Milnes Gaskell, widow of Lieut.-Col. Charles Milnes Gaskell, and daughter of the late Earl of Listowel, and Freda Countess of Listowel, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Returned P.O.W.

Capt. L. D. MacBrayne, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Mr. L. MacBrayne, and of Mrs. MacBrayne, married Miss Elizabeth Luttrell, younger daughter of the late Capt. H. F. Luttrell, and of Mrs. Fownes Luttrell

Homecoming

OF all the sixteen Governors-General who have represented the King in Canada since the Dominion was united seventy-eight years ago, none has left with more general regret than the Earl of Athlone, whose five-year term of office ended this month. From east to west, from Quebec to British Columbia, there has not been a more popular couple in the Dominion than the Governor and Princess Alice, whose charm of manner and easy friendliness have won her hosts of friends all over the country. The Athlones themselves leave Canada with sorrow at the interruption of so many pleasant ties, but the Earl and Princess Alice will be glad to spend some time at home in England, attending to their own private affairs, for which they have had little time during their tenure of Government House, Ottawa. So far, their plans are uncertain, but both the Clock House at Kensington Palace, their London residence before the war, and Brantridge Park, their lovely home at Balcombe, with its wide views over the South Downs, are being made ready.

New Governor-General

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, now preparing to take over from Lord Athlone, has one advantage that few new Governors-General have enjoyed. He already knows and is on the best of terms with many, if not most, of the leading figures in the Dominion, a large number of whom served with and under him in the Canadian Forces attached at various times to his commands. And many thousands of Canadians, from the French-speaking provinces as well as the others, who

served in lesser posts as junior officers, N.C.O.s or privates, have a very high regard and respect for the short, erect, immaculately-uniformed man who led them so brilliantly.

Lady Margaret, busy with the almost impossible task of collecting a wardrobe suitable for her four-years stay in Canada as first lady of the Dominion, has decided to wait for many of her purchases until she reaches Ottawa.

Brief Visit

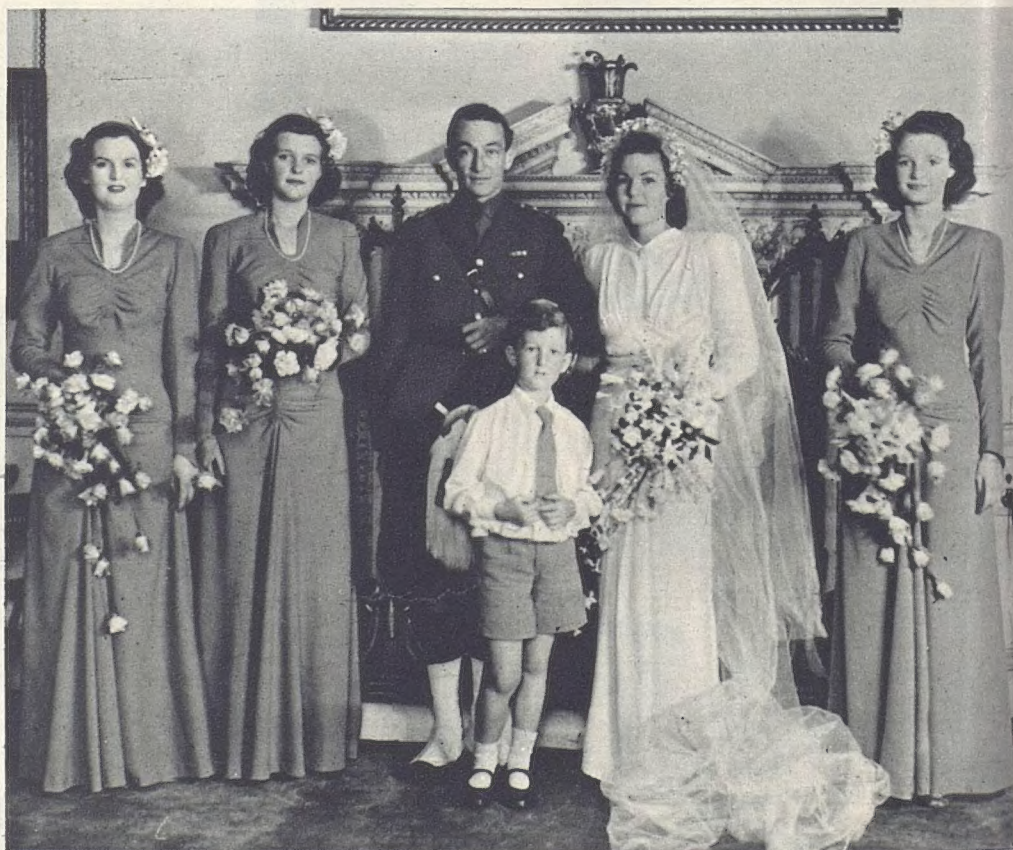
THE pretty, blonde Duchess of Buccleuch has been paying one of her rare and all-too-short visits to London, but has now returned to the family home at Drumlanrig Castle, in Dumfrireshire. Her younger daughter, Lady Caroline Scott, who is now a bare eighteen, is a great help to her mother, and is proving more than equal to the task of entertaining friends who visit the Castle while her mother is busy with her multifarious activities.

Recent visitors have included Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell with their second girl, Clayre, who is the same age as Lady Caroline; young Lord Ogilvy, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lady Irene Haig and her fiancé, Mr. Gavin Astor. Lord Haig has been a guest of the Buccleuchs for most of the summer since he was repatriated from a German prisoner-of-war camp. Others who have been and gone have been the new Marchioness of Lansdowne, Mrs. James Corrigan, and the Robert Somersets and their family.

Lovely Bride

MISS ANGELA LEAF made a lovely bride in her dress of pale pink lace, with a billowing

(Continued on page 362)



Large London Wedding at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Capt. Gordon Nicholson, the Black Watch, son of Sir John Nicholson, married Miss Annette Royds, W.R.N.S., daughter of Admiral Sir Percy Royds, C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Royds, of High Coombe, Kingston Hill, at the Savoy Chapel. The bride and bridegroom are seen with their bridesmaids, Miss Joy Moir, Miss June Moir, and Miss Susan Palmer, and their page, Master Jasper Larkin

Swaabe



A View from the Garden of Sutton Place, Guildford

At Home in Surrey

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland
at Sutton Place, Guildford

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



The Duke of Sutherland at the Entrance of Sutton Place

● The Duke of Sutherland's beautiful Tudor home, Sutton Place, Guildford, was built fifteen years before Elizabeth came to the throne. Modern improvements were begun on the house by the late Lord Northcliffe, who lived there for eighteen years, which the present owner completed to the last detail, while still retaining the period characteristics of the house. The Duchess of Sutherland, who was formerly Mrs. Dunkeley, and married the Duke last year, is seen playing with her son, Michael Dunkeley, her nephew, Timothy Emmanuel, and a small neighbour, Sarah Norman



The Duchess with Her Son, Michael, and Two Small Friends



The Duchess Shares a Swing Seat with Michael and Sarah

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

pink tulle veil, when she married Capt. Ralph Leyland at St. Mary's, Cadogan Place, at the end of last month. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend Father Leonard, the famous Abbot of Downside.

The bridegroom, who only returned from the Far East this year, where he fought in Gen. Wingate's famous Chindwin Expedition in Burma, had his brother, who is in the Fleet Air Arm, as his best man. The bride, who has run a farm in Warwickshire very efficiently during the war, is the only daughter of the late Major Bob Leaf, 15/19th Hussars, a well-known polo player, and Mrs. Speed. She was given away by her stepfather, Brig. Jack Speed, who commanded the Household Cavalry Regiment at the outbreak of war. The reception was held at the lovely house in Princes Gate belonging to his mother, Mrs. Elmer Speed, where the several hundred guests found plenty of room to move around, both in the house and on the terrace which overlooks the charming Princes Gate gardens. The two tiny bridesmaids, Marietta Speed, the four-year-old half-sister of the bride, and Alison Macgregor, niece of the bridegroom, who looked sweet in their long, pink tulle dresses with wreaths of pink flowers in their fair curls, were thoroughly enjoying the wedding—their first experience of a bridesmaid's duties.

At the Reception

AMONGST the guests were many well-known hunting people, which was not surprising, as the bride has hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds since she was a child and goes remarkably well. Sir Charles Wiggin, a well-known follower of this famous pack, proposed the health of the bride, and his only son, John, who is in the Grenadier Guards and was a prisoner in Germany up to this summer, was one of the ushers. Lady Renwick came up from her home in Warwickshire, and was accompanied by her two daughters, Susan and Jennifer; Major and the Hon. Mrs. du Buisson brought her niece, Miss Mary Emmet, who was in her W.R.N.S. uniform; and Lady Bruce was another looking exceptionally smart in the uniform of the W.R.N.S. Others I saw were the bride's uncle, Major "Togs" Leaf; Sir Evelyn de la Rue, who was chatting to Mrs. Douglas Speed and her attractive daughter, Maria; Sir John and Lady Prestige, up from their lovely home in Kent; the Hon. Mrs. "Mike" Black, Mrs. Starkey, the Countess of Middleton, Mrs. Walter Pepys, Sir Henry Craik and Mrs. Rudolph de Salis.

Welcome Home

FOR some months past in many parts of the country funds have been raised to give the men and women in the Services a good welcome home. For the returning men and women of Dunfermline a very successful fête was held recently in the grounds of Admiralty House, North Queensferry, when over £700 was raised during the afternoon for the Dunfermline Welcome Home and Commemoration Fund.

Lady Whitworth, wife of Admiral Sir William Whitworth, Commander-in-Chief, Rosyth, was chairman of the fête committee, and worked very hard to make it a success. At the opening she was presented with a lovely bouquet of mixed flowers by Lord and Lady Elgin's small son, the Hon. David Bruce.

The opening ceremony was appropriately performed by Mr. William Dougal, an ex-naval man who lost an eye while serving with the Navy in 1941 and has just completed his training as a basket-maker in one of the Government training centres. He now occupies one of the Scottish Garden City Federation Association cottages, some of which are being contributed by the Dunfermline commemoration scheme for which this fête was held. The Earl of Elgin made a good speech, and so did Admiral Sir William Whitworth, who had lent the grounds of Admiralty House for the occasion.

Happy Holidays

MAJOR JIMMY DRUMMOND-HAY, who is in the Coldstream Guards and just home from service in the Middle East, and his wife, Lady Margaret, have had their home, Seggieden, in Perthshire, filled with happy children during the summer holidays. Besides their own four, Lady Margaret's sister, Lady Jean Mackintosh, brought her four children to stay, and there have been many other young cousins and friends—in fact, there have been more than a dozen children staying in the house most of the holidays, and these lucky young people all had ponies to ride.

Lady Margaret has just inaugurated the Pony Club in Perthshire, which she is running as efficiently as the one she did so much for in

(Concluded on page 376)



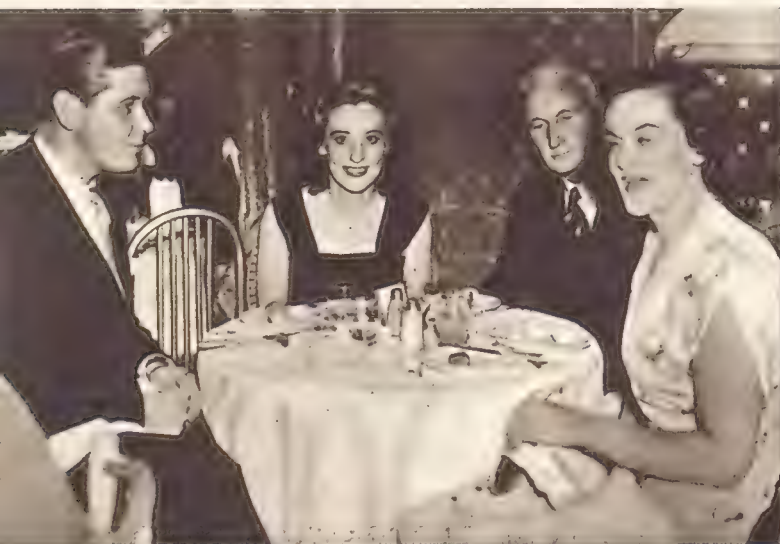
Sweet Nothings: Major Berkeley Stafford whispers charmingly to Lady Grenfell



Dancing Time: Lady Paston-Bedingfeld and G/Capt. Nelson, D.F.C.



Sitting Out: Lieut. T. Sergson-Brooke and Lady Elizabeth Lambart



Laughing Ladies: Mrs. Philip Wharton and Mrs. Jardine Hunter Paterson smile happily. Their escorts, Sir John Jackson and Mr. H. Johnstone are in more serious mood



Empty Glasses: Mr. Peter Combe, son of Lady Moira Combe, with Lieut. Robin Leslie, Mrs. Gerry Purcell (Audrey Combe that was), and Lieut. Ronnie Rolo, R.N.



Happy Foursome: Mr. Ian Gilmour, Mrs. Robin Lowe (the former Pamela Hambro), Mr. Robin Lowe and Miss Rose Pitman



Vis-à-vis: Miss Sonia Graham and Miss Elizabeth Jackson facing Capt. R. Carr-Gonn and Lieut. Eardley Carr-Gonn

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaebe



Side by Side: Lord Ebury and his wife, the former Denise Yarde-Buller

London After Dark

Dining and Dancing in the West End



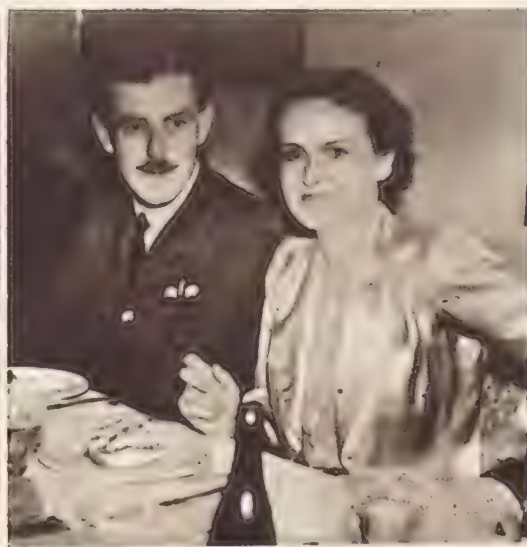
Deep in Thought: Miss P. Hebblethwaite and Mr. A. L. Errington snapped at a solemn moment between courses with the Baroness and Baron Beck



Engaged: The Earl of Kimberley and Miss Diana Legh, daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh



Good Audience: Mrs. Benavides listens intently to Mr. H. Moore, who seems to be telling a very good story



Visiting London: Mrs. Richard Agnew, well known in the Shires, had dinner with F/O. L. A. V. Rowlatt while in town



Off to India: S/O. Lloyd dined with her father and mother, Air Marshal Sir Hugh and Lady Lloyd, the night before she left for India

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHAT one of the Fleet Street boys described as real Scotch whisky was found in Admiral Okuma's quarters at Hongkong, just as you might find real French burgundy in a British Admiral's sideboard. A curious taste, for Japanese whisky, like British burgundy (a connoisseur assures us), packs a pretty kick and is bursting with body and bouquet.

Some time ago we remember hearing about a grand new Tokyo distillery which was out to knock the Scottish monopoly for a row of papier-mâché ashcans by exporting its product in brilliantly-labelled "dimple" bottles showing a Japanese Scotsman in the McTogo hunting-tartan, complete with sporran, Harry Lauder stick, fan, skean-dhu, and smile. Whether this nectar captured the Anglo-Saxon market we never heard. It seems more the sort of stuff gloomy Empire-builders toss back at sundown in forgotten African outposts full of rusty tin shacks and yellow fever and jiggers and dust and rotting Victorian Gothic and vultures and despair, sitting in soiled ducks under naked bulbs and waiting for the next member of the P.E.N. Club to trot along. The war has probably done the Oriental branch of the whisky trade some harm, but

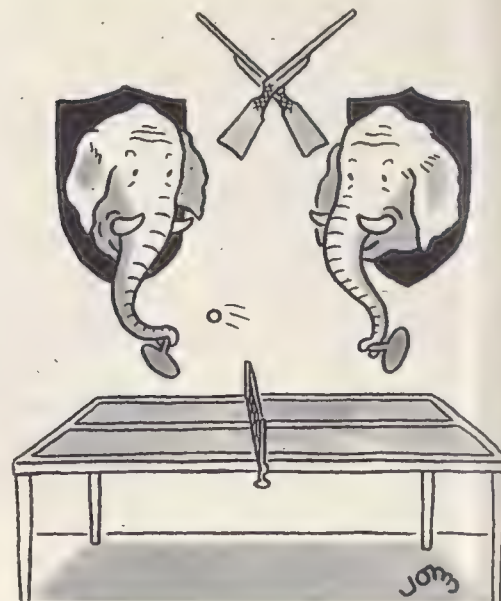
it will doubtless revive. It was the ideal beverage for the Open-Air Man—the kind Australian bushrangers used to tippie in the old days, the splendid hairy fellows, rejecting with oaths any whisky which splashed on their red flannel shirts without burning a hole.

Has it ever occurred to you that the Empire is practically founded on cirrhosis?

Outbreak

A NEW YORK bookseller who claims to be the reincarnation of Nostradamus has bobbed up to cry to the world that the next war will take place in 1999 and the End of the World in 3770, which shows what selling books in New York can do.

The average London bookseller is a fairly well-balanced type with few apparent neuroses, except for biting his nails. His shop may be flooded monthly with books by wild-eyed haybags of all three sexes, but he never reads any of them, and so survives. The more restless New York bookseller has a fatal idea, inspired by the Sunday supplements, that he should keep abreast of what is called Modern Thought. This often makes him loopy to the tonsils, like a Wodehouse character. In other cases it makes him crave pathetically for public esteem, like



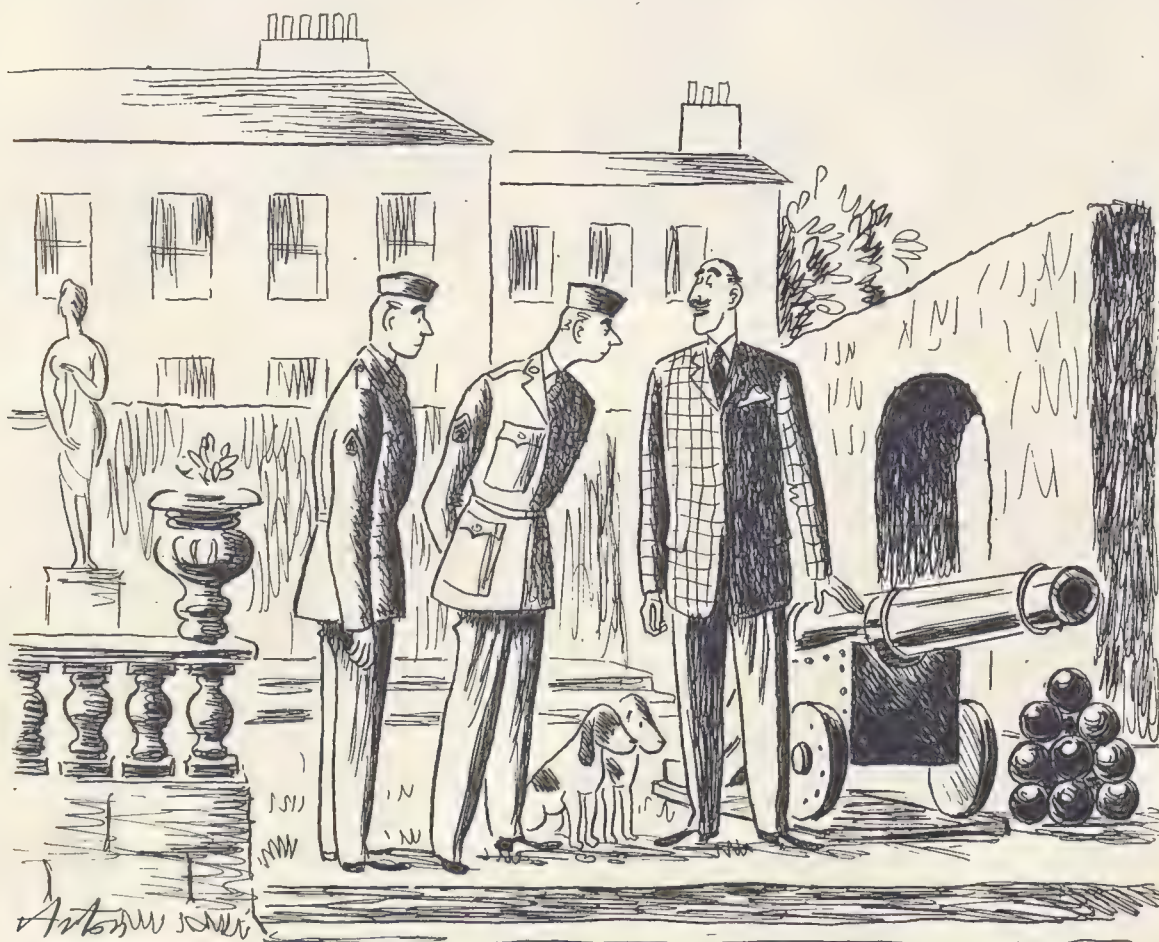
a New York bookseller we used to know whose luxurious inner apartments were like the Pompadour's boudoir, all shaded lights, soft carpets, and divans, with a glittering cocktail-bar attached. Lots of rich sporting chaps who deemed reading to be a sissy sort of European occupation were charmed in this way into risking a five-dollar book on their way to Meadowbrook or Newport, and they thought booksellers pretty swell human guys. Another bookseller friend of ours in that feverish city tripped out readily for a quick one with clients, but as after three Old-Fashioneds he forgot all about books and loved fighting this did not swing trade along, as hoped. We suspected him for a moment to be the new Nostradamus under an alias, but he was never as crazy as that.

How much better is the old London recipe for keeping sane and healthy amid the bookish whirl. Chaps who sell arsenic don't have to eat it themselves, after all.

Refuge

A ROMANTIC chap bemoaning that the whole world is about as devoid of mystery nowadays as Clapham Junction and there is nothing left to discover forgot the uncharted mysteries of the forests of Brazil, we guess; still more the interior of the Black Republic of Liberia, for which there are no maps and into which nobody in this decade has penetrated, so far as we know, except Graham Greene.

Liberia was founded a hundred years or so ago as a free self-governing State by American philanthropists, many of whom had large semi-coloured families to dispose of. Graft and oppression flourish there as elsewhere, Mr. Greene reports, but relatively mildly. Rousseau's Noble Savage, as elsewhere, does not exist, though the remoter natives have not yet picked up Big Business ideals and are extremely honest. The interior stinks, but not so noticeably as a new City rubber-mine



"There were times, while England stood alone, when I thought we might have to use it"

prospectus. In fact Mr. Greene's *Journey Without Maps* recommends the Liberian Bush to financiers in a hurry who are unable to get into the Argentine, as formerly. One can't help thinking sympathetically of their valets' feelings while packing.

"No white ties, sir?"

"You 'eard."

"And no yachting-things, sir?"

"That's right, and get a ruddy move on."

(Here the valet's eyebrows go up. Corblimey they got the old basket on the run properly, and about time, too. Well, well, hoobluddeyray. Fine. Swell.)

"Wossat you said, Rapson?"

"I was endeavouring, sir, to repress a gesture of not unjustifiable astonishment at the exclusion from the travelling wardrobe of a gentleman of your position in Society, sir, of so many articles of absolute necessity."

(Hoobluddeyray! Copped a ninepenny one! Cor, won't the boys laugh!)

Even in the interior of the Bush, as Mr. Greene observes, you can't buy affection. Showing how little one jungle differs from another.

Honour

ANCIENT Westminster's decision to appoint its first Freeman in history—you know who—seems to us a graceful departure from the traditions of a city which, unlike the ruck of cities, spends its money not on gold caskets but garbage-vans.

That magnificent fleet of huge creamy-yellow motor garbage-vans which is the apple of every Westminster citizen's eye moved us once, when we were a resident, to suggest that each van should be named after some best-selling female novelist of the moment. But it was felt that this honour would make those sweethearts even more impossibly uppish, and maybe lead to what the French call a *crêpage de chignons*; the last things Westminster wishes to encourage being worldly pride, hatred, and envy. Probably old influences of the Bulinga Fen, drained by the monks, on which the city mainly stands, linger as well. Fenmen are naturally quiet, exclusive, and clannish, apart from being sensitive about their webbed toes—a Westminster characteristic even to-day—and having a flock of wild booksy girls screaming round the place would greatly upset them.



"Why the devil didn't you tell me I was hitting a confounded toadstool?"

"I never thought you'd 'it it"



"Well, I think it's time he had a bicycle of his own."

Footnote

TO a true Westminster citizen Chelsea is a bowwing-ken of gipsies, picturesque, artistic, and lousy, the kind of Bohemians who would steal the west towers of the Abbey if you took your eye off them. So we Westminsterians had to deprive the booksy girls of an enviable privilege, and the result is that whenever they see a Westminster eye now they spit in it.

Flop

EVIDENTLY the Army's principal grievance against ENSA, judging by recent correspondence in the Press, was the comedians, who so often mistook filth for fun that troops and A.T.S. walked out.

This curious Service attitude towards Art has puzzled the theatre boys before. Even in the 18th century the Navy barred bawdy songs, as Sir Cyprian Bridge has noted. While lubbers ashore were bawling *The Black Joke* and other spicy ballads, the Navy was singing

(at forebitts-time) of innocent love and broken hearts and roses and Mother, and sad songs about the sea. This notable prudery has escaped the theatre boys, maybe, because they assume that chaps who use awful language can't have clean minds, a pathetic fallacy. If you want to meet a really festering mind you find it among the more priggish intelligentsia, notably in Bloomsbury.

Regret

SUDDENLY to lose Reggie Hooper, Editor of the *Bystander* and the *Tatler* for the last thirteen years, is a considerable blow to this department, which he endured with friendly bonhomie, smiling nonchalance, and unflinching courage.

There was a longstanding project, matured over several years, whereby we were pledged to stand him a magnificent luncheon the first time we broke him down completely. As the first Hulme Exhibitioner in Law of Brasenose, Hooper did not easily cry. The luncheon-plan therefore kept developing in grandeur; hiring the Sadler's Wells Ballet to dance while we ate was one of his more economical recent suggestions. Now it will never happen, alas.

Porque todo ha de pasar
Por tal manera.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Food Facts

DO.A.H.—Richard King's "Causerie" in *The Tatler* for August 29th brought home to me, with a n'orrid shock, that your food shortage in England is, though not quite so grim as over here, something to feel sorry about. France realises, from news-reel pictures and from the descriptions of those of us who have been lucky enough to get home since liberation, how terribly London has suffered from air raids, but we have had no means of judging the way you have had to tighten your belts over the aching void that we, in this country, have become so accustomed to.

During the war, the B.B.C.'s broadcasts advising "economical dishes" used to make us giggle, somewhat ruefully, when we heard: "Take a rasher of bacon" or "Prepare two heaped spoonfuls of egg powder," etc., and remembering the pre-war fallacy that an English cook (professional) throws away enough food in a week to feed a French family (poor) during a fortnight, we smiled with a superior air. Also, friends returning from England have sometimes brought us a pot of orange marmalade (oh, scrumptious joy!), a slab of chocolate (goluptious pleasure!), a tin of milk powder (purrs of delight), and we shortsightedly imagined that they were bringing us a surplus from a land of plenty, instead of realising that they were probably exercising heroic self-denial. I feel ashamed that my grateful thanks were not expressed in even more eloquent terms.

TAKING it from hors d'œuvres to dessert, things over here are getting a little better. The Black Market restaurants are being closed down one after the other. Our nouveaux riches and war profiteers will soon have to do without their caviare and plovers' eggs, and though this may not fill our tummies, it gives us moral support and helps us to grin and bear it a little while longer. My Abigail returned from her shopping expedition this morning with an

enormous parcel of dried bananas. Revolting-looking things, but, I am told, of great nutritive value. Hitherto they have been reserved for the under-twenties and over-seventies; not belonging (yet) to the latter category, I have never had dealings with them, and am in doubt as to whether they should be boiled, baked or fried. But I have the comfortable feeling that if the tum-tum revolts too entirely, at least we shall be able to use them to stop up the draughty crannies under windows and doors this winter, or, stringing them end to end, use them in lieu of bicycle tyres, and this will be all to the good, will it not?

Anyway, we have had quantities of fruit this summer, and after five years without a strawberry or a plum this has been marvellous. We have even been able to make jam, of a sort, with a minimum of sugar and a maximum of aspirin. From now on no one will ever say: "Have an aspirin" to headache victims, but, instead, "Have a spoonful of jam"! And this, also, is something to brag about.

THE smartest people have joined the string-bag brigade. The other day I met Elizabeth Baletta coming away from the St. Honoré market laden down with a basket of tomatoes, a string bag full of those blue plums called "quetch," and a quite hefty cauliflower tucked under one arm. She was wearing a pre-war tailor-made, but there were three strands of her famous pearls round her neck, and I thought of all the glamorous stories of when she was leading lady at the Théâtre Michel, in St. Petersburg, long before the Other War, and Grand Dukes fought for the right to gratify her slightest whim. She grinned as we met: "Ca me change, ma chère—ça me change!" she declared. Anyway, the change doesn't seem to have hurt her, for she appears to be a mere bonny fifty, instead of the nearly twenty-years-more that she must be.

ON one of my recent trips with the sick-wagon to take a D.P. back to his farm in a back-o'-beyond corner of France, I was given a rabbit. They told me, as I was leaving, that it had been put into the car. On opening the basket in Paris, I discovered, to my horror, that it was alive. Neither husband, Abigail or self has leanings towards butchering such poor-pretty-pets as bunnies. We decided to put a ribbon round its neck and teach it to count its blessings. I made it a duckie wee hoose with an old box and plenty of straw on the terrace outside my window, gave it the vegetables that ought to have gone into that evening's soup, and hoped for the best. Next morning it had eaten all its food, got out of the wee hoose, nibbled most of the rare (?) plants that deck the terrace down to the roots, and, when remonstrated with, stared up at me with an idiotic, nose-wobbly smirk that was exasperating beyond reason. We tried to gently shoo it back to its



A Courageous Frenchwoman

Many British and American airmen who came down in the Chevreuse Valley, near Paris, owe their lives to the Comtesse Anne-Marie de Dudzele, who has done such very fine work for the Resistance under the nom de guerre of "Antoinette." With her is her Sicilian donkey

abode, but it had other views and started playing peek-a-boo round the flower-pots. "Catch it by the ears," said the husband from behind the window. Such brutal measures are repugnant to me, but when at last I got hold of it round the middle, I discovered that the pretty pet's back paws have claws that leave an angry tom-cat's simply nowhere in the damage they can do. My Abigail, who helped me swab up the berlut, gloomily predicted tetanus or hydrophobia, while the husband giggled and telephoned down for the concierge, who was more than willing to play executioner. We decided to make pâté of the pretty pet . . . it will be less recognisable than if served in a stew!

THIS letter is full of food—I wish I could say the same—but food is an inspiring topic these days and furnishes an amusing story that I pass on to you, same-like it was told me. Recently some crates of tinned meat were delivered to the Central Markets for distribution. They proved, however, to be uneatable. The tins were of French fabrication and had been put up during Occupation in factories requisitioned by the Boche. The workmen, knowing tue stuff was to be sent to Germany, did an excellent job of sabotage, and had the tins reached Germany, quite a few Germans would have had violent pains in their paunches. Liberation came before they were sent off; the best laid plans of mice and men . . . this is the only case I can think of when Liberation came too soon.

PRISCILLA.



Lily Pons Sings for "la Grande Nuit de Paris"

Lily Pons, the celebrated French singer, is seen being escorted down the steps of the Opera House after singing the "Marseillaise" during the performance given for "la Grande Nuit de Paris." Lily Pons is the opera- and film-star of international fame



Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann Dancing
a Classical Pas de Deux

Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann

The Premier Dancers of the Sadler's
Wells Ballet Company

● Margot Fonteyn's and Robert Helpmann's partnership as dancers began in the 1935-36 season at Sadler's Wells and they have since delighted audiences in both classical and modern ballets. Margot Fonteyn joined the Wells' School in 1934 and the company the following autumn, while after Markova left she gradually succeeded her as ballerina of the company. Her most important parts are those in the four classical ballets of the Wells repertoire, *The Sleeping Princess*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Casse Noisette* and *Giselle*. Robert Helpmann trained with the Pavlova Company, and joined the Wells ballet in 1933. He partners Margot Fonteyn in all her classical roles, except for *Coppelia*, in which he plays Dr. Coppélius. He made his début as a choreographer in 1942 with *Comus*, and his fourth ballet, *Miracle of the Gorbals*, was produced last October. He dances in both this year's revivals of *The Haunted Ballroom* and *The Wanderer*.

Photographs by
Edward Mandinian



Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in Act II. of "*Giselle*," One of the Classical Ballets

Home from Holly

Gladys Cooper Spends Her Free
Her Daughter and Grandson in Bu



Gladys Cooper, armed with a large basket of flowers, enjoys the country life with her daughter and small grandson at the Morleys' country cottage



Gladys Cooper Attends to Her
Fan-Mail



Tea for Three on the Lawn

● Gladys Cooper is back in England now from America, where she made such a great success in Hollywood, to play her first sympathetic role as the blind Klara Condor, in Stefan Zweig's famous *Beware of Pity*, in which she stars with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lilli Palmer and Albert Lieven. During breaks between shooting on the new film, she stays at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morley, and thoroughly enjoys spending all her time with their three-year-old son, Sheridan, who is her first grandchild. At "Fairman's Cottage," Wargrave, Buckinghamshire, the Morleys' charming country home, she finds the ideal atmosphere for relaxation after long days spent in the studios

ood

ments with
inghamshire



Looking out for visitors from the nursery window at "Fairman's Cottage" is a charming picture of three generations, and three-year-old Sheridan looks full of enthusiasm



A Perfect Place for Relaxation



Sheridan Morley Takes an Interest in Flowers

A Scottish Member of Parliament And His Family at His Charming and Historic Perthshire Home



The Coldoch, Blair Drummond, Seen from the Garden

● The Coldoch, Blair Drummond, is the Perthshire home of Mr. and Mrs. William McNair Snadden. Mr. Snadden is the Conservative Member for Perth and Kinross, and has represented the Division at Westminster since 1938. As chairman of the British Livestock Export Group, he is also well known as a farmer and pedigree stockbreeder. The Coldoch has many historic associations, and the lands were originally granted by James IV. to James Spittal, tailor to the Scottish Court at Stirling Castle early in the sixteenth century.

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon

Mr. and Mrs. Snadden in the Doorway of the Coldoch



A Game of Ball: Mr. McNair Snadden and his Dog



A trio on the lawn were Mr. and Mrs. Snadden's elder daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marwood Yeatman, while the baby, Douglas Carr, Mrs. Yeatman's son by a former marriage, seemed a bit suspicious of the camera

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

We Shall Remember

GENERAL MACARTHUR has said "We shall not forget Pearl Harbour." Let us hope that the murdered American nurses on Bataan Peninsula, their sisters at Hong Kong, and all those who were done to death at Singapore and elsewhere, will also not be forgotten when the final reckoning is made with the Sons of Heaven. We also shall remember. There is terrible cause, and even now we have not the full tally. No retribution can ever be adequate atonement.

York

VALUE for money was the keynote throughout the whole three days, but whether even the most astute came away with very full purses is another matter. On an all-round reckoning I should say that the Ring-men had the better of the deal, and their ledgers ought to be well on the right side, especially on the big race, for although Chamossaire was backed, ante-post and S.P., there was all the Dante money, the golden rain on Naishapur, and the solid support for Rising Light, Stirling Castle, Blue Smoke and Black Peter, who ended up at 8 to 1—previous price 100 to 8—so there must have been some real money for him, whether justified by previous happenings or not. The Naishapur money in itself ought to have been all sheer profit, for after the full-throated chorus from the specialists, so many people were convinced that she was home and dry even before the tapes went up. However, first things first. Despite the fact that on the first day (Tuesday, September 4th) two out of the six races were no contests, purely as a spectacle the racing was well worth the price paid to view it. A quotation like 6 to 1 on Lord Derby's Downrush for the 6-furlong Badminton Stakes II. meant just no business. Whether anyone got any pennies out of backing the 20 to 1 Lady Barbara for a place I do not know, but I doubt. The winner's price was quite justified, for he had nothing to beat, but I question whether this exercise canter sends up the stock of Lord Derby's other nice two-year-old, Gulf Stream. How can it? The information is purely negative.

The Great Yorkshire Stakes was another event upon which speculation was impossible. The 6 to 4 on demanded about Lord Derby's Borealis was not unjustified. Hycilla was at 7 to 2, and Triumvir, the only other runner, 9 to 1. It was no race at all, when all the time one could not help the feeling that it ought to have been. Hycilla could not have won as things went that day, but so ignominious a defeat seems far too bad to be true. An odds-on



Winner of the St. Leger

S/Ldr. Stanhope-Joel is seen leading in Chamossaire, after his horse had won the great race. It was a proud moment for the owner, trainer and jockey, as it was their first classic victory



Grand National Rider to Marry

Capt. Bruce Hobbs, who is going to marry Miss Betty Jean Winder, V.A.D., is the well-known trainer and the Grand National rider of Battleship, the 1938 winner. He has served with the Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons

favourite (Malta) went down badly in the first race, Division I. of the Badminton Stakes—and I suggest that we do not forget the winner, Lord Durham's nice two-year-old White Jacket, who, I think, had more than three-quarters of a length in hand of honest little Banco. Another odds-on favourite failed to justify his price in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, as Neapolitan, of whom so many think highly, was well and truly beaten in a bustling finish by Lincoln Imp (another Nearco)—and another name, I think, the wise man will put down in his notebook. They thought Maharaj Kumar the only real threat to Neapolitan. He never even looked like it.

The Leger

AND so we come to the big race. It is always so easy to be wise after the event. In the Derby they finished like this: Dante (1), Midas (2), Court Martial (3), Chamossaire (4), Rising Light (5). By the process of elimination this left it Chamossaire (1), Rising Light (2). So far as I personally am concerned, I did not believe in Chamossaire, because (a) there was no further "book" to frank him; and (b) on his make and shape. It is an old saying that they

(Concluded on page 372)



Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, and their son and daughter were four interested spectators. The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan is the daughter of the late Lord Woolavington



Lady Jean Christie, the Marquess of Zetland's youngest daughter, came with her husband, Capt. Hector Christie, whom she married in 1939



Mrs. Anthony Eden was walking away from the paddock. She was one of the many people who came on the first day to see the last classic race of the season

York Races, and Some of the People Who Came to See the St. Leger

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

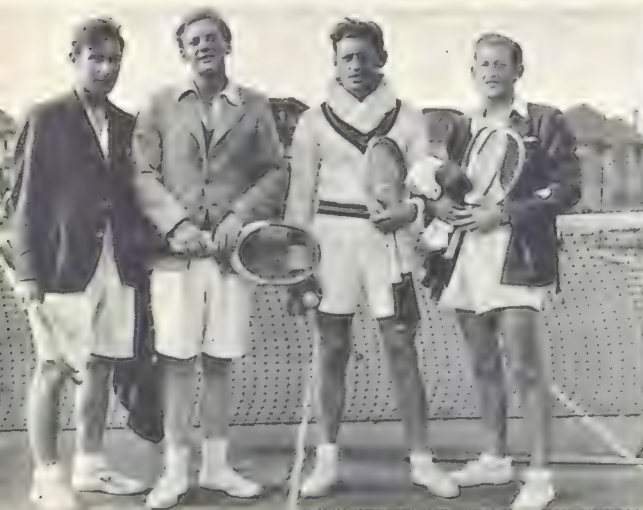
gallop in all shapes, and the truth of it has been demonstrated yet once again. His neck is badly set in and might look just as good if put on the other way up; he has very "boxy" feet; he has more top hamper than personally I prefer, and for one of his bulk not an excess of bone. He tapes 8 ins., not so much as some who go under the stick lower than he does, but most of all I did not like his hip-to-hock measurement. He is not well let down. And yet he won almost as he liked on Wednesday, the 5th. Rising Light was the only one who made any real fight of it, and I am afraid that even he was beaten nearly 200 yards from home. Stirling Castle, who had forced the pace all the way—and quite rightly, I think, on the known facts—was a busted community even farther out. Black Peter, clean rowed-out, fourth—and as to the fillies, Blue Smoke and Naishapur, neither of them looking a danger after about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles over which the race was run. In Blue Smoke's case this surprised me, and the only conclusion possible is that the expedition on August 28th, even though she had not to fight for her life to win the Stuntney Handicap (1 mile 6 furlongs 150 yards), must



A Busy Season for the Buccaneers Cricket Club

D. R. Stuart

The Buccaneers Cricket Club have drawn with Eton, Winchester, Marlborough, Stowe, Cambridge University, Oxford Authentics, West of England, and R.A.A.F. They have beaten Bedford, Tonbridge, Cranleigh and R.A.C. O.C.T.U. Sitting: W. R. Burton, F. A. V. Parker, G. W. Moore (captain), A. Ratcliffe, A. C. Shireff, "Julie," dog mascot. Standing: W. R. Ford, H. E. Sales, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, D. E. Young, L. A. Covill, W. W. Smith



Northwick Lawn Tennis Club Junior Tournament

D. R. Stuart

The tournament was for those who had been under eighteen at the beginning of the war. In the boys' doubles, W. J. Moss, an engineer, and N. R. Lewis, a medical student, lost to P/O. Gordon Schwartz and P/O. J. Mehaffey, R.A.A.F., who were both operational pilots. All the finalists were over twenty



Two sisters from Middlesex who have both been war workers for the past four years fought out the Girls' Singles Final. The elder, Georgina Woodgate, aged twenty-two, beat her sister, Ruby, 3-6, 6-1, 6-3



Northamptonshire v. R.A.F.

F. T. Badcock, who was bowling for Northamptonshire, was talking to Dennis Brookes, their opening bat

Two R.A.F. bats who have been doing exceptionally well this season are D. Buller, who is wearing pads, and G. P. Kenyon

Essex Cricketers

L. F. Parlow, of Essex, and H. P. Crabtree have both made centuries for Essex this summer, and also appear to be ardent pipe-smokers

have taken the edge off her. I was not the least surprised at Naishapur's performance. Someone with eyes in his head told me what he thought of the Filator gallop—and that if that was what sent her bouncing up to the top of the betting, the best thing was to forget it. If it was not this gallop, what was it? I can give no answer that would sound convincing.

Ebor and Gimcrack

WHETHER the best horse on the day won the former there is plenty of room for doubt: in the latter, there is no possible, probable shadow of doubt whatever. Wayside Inn, Lord Derby's Fairway colt, was beautifully ridden by Harry Wragg, but it is as certain as most things are certain that he would not have won if the favourite, the King's colt, Fair Glint, had not been completely boxed by Sister Patricia and Filator. I note that most of the reports say that this happened three furlongs from home. That may be true, but the point is that he could not get out, and was as harmless as if he had been at home in his box. Wayside Inn won all out by half a length from Sister Patricia, who was a neck to the good of Kerry Piper as they passed the post, and Fair Glint cannot have been more than half a length away fourth, and going better than any of the three in front. All four of them were in a bunch, but whereas Wayside Inn had had blue water in front of him at the crucial moment, Fair Glint had all the wind taken out of his sails. We all know what has been said about spilt milk. One thing, however, ought to be said: Fair Glint's trial was right, and he must have won had not the misfortunes of Horrida Bella intervened. These you can never eliminate. As to the Gimcrack, Gulf Stream won as he liked, and I suggest that the one-length verdict is a deceptive estimate of his superiority over the best filly of the year on paper. They say Rivaz had won this race at five furlongs: I suggest that you do not think so. Harry Wragg had a big hold of Gulf Stream all the way, and my purely personal view is that he could have put the beautiful young lady out of her misery of suspense much earlier than, in fact, he did. The pace for the 6 furlongs was a cracker—1 min., 11½ secs.—and so no one had any need to force the pace. The jockey on Rivaz rode a cutting-down race, obviously believing that her speed would break up the opposition. It did not, because there was something just as fast as the filly in the race which was capable of continuing to go fast for that extra furlong. Unless everything is wrong, we have now seen the winner of the Middle Park Stakes and possibly the winter favourite for the Derby of 1946, which is almost certain to be run at Epsom. Even giving that fact in, I still say that we have seen a worthy favourite, for though Gulf Stream is not made like a cricket-ball, he is a wiry, well-balanced colt.

D. R. Stuart

On Active Service



The C-in-C., Western Approaches, and His Staff

D. R. Stuart

Sitting: Capt. A. F. St. G. Orpen, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Cdre. I. A. P. Macintyre, C.B.E., D.S.O., Admiral Sir Max Horton, G.C.B., D.S.O., Rear-Admiral (S) N. Wright, O.B.E., Supt. G. Laughton Bell, W.R.N.S. Standing: Capt. G. H. Brady, R.N., Surg. Capt. A. W. McRorie, M.D., Ch., B.R.N., Capt. (S) E. Hazlehurst, R.N., Capt. H. N. Lake, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Capt. G. H. Roberts, C.B.E., R.N., Surg. Capt. (D) E. G. Adams, L.D.S., R.N.



Officers of H.Q., 60th Indian Infantry Brigade

Sitting: Capt. Gurbax Singh Gill, Major W. P. Pritchard, T.D., Brig. F. McCallum, O.B.E., M.C., Major L. A. Keyworth, Capt. E. W. Ellis. Standing: Lt. Pran Nath, I.S.C., Lt. R. F. R. James, Capt. F. G. Pinto, Capt. D. M. de T. Harrison, B.T.O.

Right-front row: S/Ldrs. E. L. Williams, G.M., A. P. Peskett, A.F.C., B. C. Sharpe, W/Cdr. J. C. Lunn, A.F.C., W/Cdr. E. Stevenson, A.F.C., G/Capt. H. Penman, A/V/M. C. E. W. Lockyer, C.B., W/Cdr. E. F. Wain, Lt.-Col. C. A. L. Coutts, S/Ldr. G. W. Lombardi, M.M., Sq/O. M. H. Barnett, S/Ldr. L. R. Horrox, S/Ldr. A. A. S. Thomas, M.C. Middle row: S/Ldr. A. L. Owen, S/Ldr. H. T. Lines, Flt./O. McLaren, S/Ldr. H. D. Caruthers, F/Lt. S. W. Benton, F/O. R. A. Harrison, S/Ldr. W. C. A. Jenner, F/Lt. J. T. Boughen, D.C.M., F/Lt. V. Rodgers, M.B.E., Flt./O. M. O. Thompson, S/Ldr. O. R. Orchard. Back row: F/Lts. G. E. Phillips, W. S. Wardle, A. H. E. Godfrey, S/Ldr. D. McWhinnie, F/Lt. D. R. Scott, Flt./O. M. E. F. Tuppen, F/Lt. A. W. Eves, F/O. R. W. Way, F/Lt. B. Clare



Officers of an Instructional Staff, Mortar Training Centre

Sitting: Capt. K. G. Brown (K.O.Y.L.I.), Major P. T. Lawrence (South Staffs.), Lt.-Col. R. T. Wycherley (K.S.L.I.), Capt. A. B. Fallow (Cameron's), Capt. R. A. Roper (Royal Norfolk). Standing: Lts. A. P. Taylor (Gloster), D. Searle (Gloster), N. Bradley (Lancashire Fusiliers), J. A. Ladd (Royal Norfolk), Ian MacDonald (K.O.S.B.), C. Morgan (K.S.L.I.), R. W. Devonshire (K.R.R.C.), D. P. Thwaites (Royal Berkshire), A. Butler (K.O.Y.L.I.)



Sweet, Rothersay

Permanent Staff Officers of Waterborne Training Centre, R.A.S.C.

Front row: Capt. E. P. Lewns, Major E. G. Wimbury, Major J. A. Loose, Lt.-Col. T. E. Southwell (C.O.), Major T. E. N. Warren, Major W. McLeod, Capt. N. E. Riddihough. Second row: Capt. A. H. Mason, Capt. J. H. J. Cope, Lts. J. B. Lacey, H. M. Evans, K. L. V. Nichols, L. W. Ripley, Capt. K. M. Lumby, Capt. J. A. Blount. Third row: Lt. H. J. Hollis, Lt. F. F. Nicholson, Capt. G. H. Tennison (M.N.), Lts. H. Titterton, E. Gilbert, T. R. Haddow. Back row: Lts. P. A. M. Dowden, W. H. Dawson, E. W. Baird, Capt. H. F. S. O'Neill, Capt. H. Loveland, Lt. F. A. D. Snell, Lt. H. C. Sier



Dennis Moss

Officers of H.Q., 23rd Group, R.A.F.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Pests

POLTERGEIST OVER ENGLAND," by Harry Price (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 18s.), is a large, entertaining, informative and alarming book—the last word, I should imagine, on the subject of this domestic pest. "It has long," says Mr. Price, "been at the back of my mind that I ought to write a history of Poltergeists, because they attract me so; and for some years I have been acquiring books, tracts and other records of these mischievous 'entities' with a view to preparing a comprehensive work on the whole subject. But when I came to assemble my data, I found I had enough material for not one, but many books on Poltergeists, both British and foreign. I was thus faced with making a selection and a compromise. I decided I would publish in detail accounts of all the famous English cases, with some reference to outstanding foreign ones, when these merited inclusion. So, although this volume mentions some hundreds of Poltergeist hauntings, only the best English ones are given in the fullest detail—hence the title of this monograph."

What—to clear the matter up at the outset—is the difference between a Poltergeist and a ghost? The ghost, "timid and inoffensive," is an integrated personality, with residual human traits. Mr. Price's attitude, be it said, towards the ghost proper is sceptical. Certain persistent Poltergeists have been, wrongly, elevated into the ghost class. The Poltergeist, says Mr. Price, is "an alleged ghost." He gives, as alternative definitions, elemental entity, agency, secondary personality, "intelligence," "power," spirit, imp, or "familiar," with certain unpleasant characteristics. In fact, by the showing of the major, well-documented cases we have here, every Poltergeist characteristic is unpleasant. A Poltergeist *infests*—a ghost *haunts*. Ghosts, with a few exceptions, confine themselves to darkness; or at least half-light. Poltergeists are, as often as not, known to go into action in full sunshine.

Malignancy

THESE little creatures seek out humans as assiduously as humans seek to avoid them. Persecution being their object, they must, obviously, have *someone* to persecute. They annoy animals—chiefly horses—in such a way that the annoyance must redound on man. When they wreck or ransack empty houses or rooms, it is always those to which humans will be returning. In rendering a house uninhabitable, and thereby driving the entire family out, the Poltergeist clearly defeats its own ends. What, one wonders, do the Borley Rectory Poltergeists do with themselves all day now, inside the charred shell to which they have reduced the East Anglian home of the Bull family? Statistically, it would appear, rectories (and vicarages) claim a higher percentage of Poltergeist infestations than any other type of inhabited building in these islands. Almost

anywhere can, however, become, for long or short periods, the home—one might almost say beat—of the Poltergeist. They are, Mr. Price tells us, least often found in ships, shops, boarding-houses, hotels, or the abode of criminals.

Certainly the sufferers in the outstanding English cases have been of sterling respectability—in fact, of course, these stories have obtained credence, and gone to the making of Poltergeist history, because the witnesses could command respect. Mr. Mompesson, who in 1662-63 endured much in his Wiltshire mansion from "the Drummer of Tedworth," was a magistrate, who erred only in being over-zealous. Of the Wesleys, involved in the Epworth trouble, it should be sufficient to say that they were the Wesleys: John was among the children of the Rev. Samuel, whose family correspondence, circa 1716, gives this frightening story such charming documentation. Mrs. Ricketts, sister of the Captain John Jervis, R.N., who later became Lord St. Vincent, was—one may tell from her own memoir of the affair of the Hinton Ampner Skull—as clearheaded and scrupulous as she was brave: the more the occult atmosphere thickened, the more truly an English lady did Mrs. Ricketts become. The Proctor family, of "haunted" Willingdon Mill, were upright and irreproachable Quakers; and the nice Fowlers, of the Mill on the Eden, clearly desired only domestic peace. And so on . . .



Senhor Paschoal Carlos Magno, the Brazilian diplomat and author, recently gave a very successful fancy dress ball at his Chelsea home to celebrate the first wedding anniversary of the Brazilian Vice-Consul in London, and Senhora George Marciel. The host is seen among a cheerful group who are all in great party spirits; they are the concert pianist, Miss Harriet Cohen, Consul Francisco Eulalio, Senhor Magno himself, and Miss Marguerite Steen, the novelist

Story Interest

POLTERGEISTS excel in violence and noise; they raise fires, smash anything breakable, move heavy furniture, attack and injure people, set up demonic outbreaks of household bell-ringing, and—this their most usual manifestation—send objects travelling through the air. An object—such, say, as a heavy metal vase—set in motion by a Poltergeist follows a zigzag course, in which it can turn corners: quite unlike the trajectory of an object *thrown*. Tappings, rappings, draggings, scrapings and bumps are supplemented by voice-effects—mutterings, ejaculations and screams. Beds and their occupants prove supremely attractive: bedroom stories, though not in the usual sense, loom

large in the pages of *Poltergeist Over England*.

Most striking: almost every infestation has connected itself with a young human adolescent—in 95 per cent. of the cases, with a young girl. Excluding the out-and-out "Poltergeist medium"—to which Mr. Price has devoted a special chapter—a young maid, niece, daughter, or even (sometimes) wife has been an almost invariable concomitant of the outbreak. (A major exception, it must be said, was the trouble in Eland Road, Battersea.) Hetty Wesley—whose own letters have, significantly, been suppressed—was, evidently, the nexus of the Epworth affair. Olive, of Sunderland, provided, I thought, a particularly interesting case. Lily, young negress of Antigua, attracted attention by constantly bursting into flames; while in the neighbourhood of other young and equally innocent creatures of her sex, lace curtains, old ladies, kittens and other inflammable objects have, on innumerable occasions, become ablaze.

About a large proportion of these manifestations—door-rattlings, bell-rings, smashed china, scattered hot coals and flying soap—there is a certain grotesque monotony. One feels that sheer irritation would soon supersede fear. The cases

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

LOTS of women have returned home comforted in the belief

that the man who stared at them thought them attractive; while all the time he merely thought they "looked a guy!" In the same way, many a man has registered a "click" when he has merely been one added to the daily list of responsive "ogling"—an amusing flip to a dull walk.

Self-flattery takes some odd turns at times, doesn't it? But, in a way, it helps to keep us young. Almost any time-battered face under a jaunty, crazy little hat is certain of somebody looking at her twice. And how is she to know that it is hilarious amazement when it appears just the same as love at first sight? No wonder she puts it on. Nobody likes to be ignored. As you sit back to observe the human race you cannot fail to be amused, as well as amazed, at the efforts people achieve to make themselves stand out. More so nowadays than ever, because we are "young" so much longer. And, as modern life throws us about in many more directions, the competition lasts until that dread day when a woman discovers that no one single kind of hat suits her. (A sure sign of the topmost shelf!) Men are luckier in this; since practically anything humanly male can get married at almost any time of his life—on the presumption that he'll be a husband, anyway, and it is up to him to find a house.

It must, indeed, have been cosier for a woman in Victorian days, when they could resign themselves to the inevitable at forty and "spread" at their ease. You can see

relics of this idea still about. They have allowed themselves to get anyhow

and approach afternoon tea as if it were some religious rite—to be partaken in slow motion and to be enjoyed to the last drop and crumb. Nowadays, a woman has got to think of her figure, and the thought ill accords with sugared buns. Anyway, having avoided the bun and partaken of an exceedingly dull oatmeal biscuit, the sacrifice seems a wasted suffering if still nobody looks at her in the street. Hence the little flowery pom-pom of a hat on hair tired of life, the agonising choice of just the right shade of lipstick, the determination to dance if only with gigolos, the philosophy which tells her that though love may be the finest beautifier, a second look from a stranger is as good as a tonic. We all like to believe just what we want to believe. And if we didn't, or if we couldn't—life would be as uninviting to lingering as a by-pass road.

What most of the Victorian ladies failed to realise is that both a man and a woman are as old as their *minds*. They thought it had something to do with *bodies*. They were apt to dress themselves by birthdays. Nowadays, competition for a youthful place in the sun is so much keener. It has also become strenuous for a place in the twilight. Nevertheless, at a pinch, you can always stage a come-back in a crowd by wearing all the wrong colours. It may not, perhaps, have the dignity of Victorian "fading," but we think it keeps us in our "early fifties" for years and years!

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



de Winton—Gregory Bassano

Lieut.-Col. R. W. M. de Winton, D.S.O., the Gordon Highlanders, elder son of the late Mr. W. E. de Winton, and of the Hon. Mrs. de Winton, of Forest Green House, Ockley, Surrey, married Miss Anne Gregory, elder daughter of Mrs. Guy Gough, of The Old House, Bramley, Surrey, and the late Major Robert Gregory



Melling—Johnson

Mr. Frank Melling, former Sheffield Wednesday centre-forward, and Bradford League cricketer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Melling, of 61, Stumperlowe Crescent Road, Sheffield, married Miss Margaret Faith Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Parkin Johnson, of 65, Knowle Lane, Sheffield



Jeffery—Thomas Marchant, Haywards Heath

Lieut. John James Martin Jeffery, R.N.V.R., Fleet Air Arm, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jeffery, of Oakdene, Lorre Gardens, Shirley, Surrey, married Miss Jean Elizabeth Thomas, W.R.N.S., daughter of Capt. J. H. Thomas, M.C., M.I.E.S., and Mrs. Thomas, of Erin Manor, Burgess Hill, Sussex



Leslie—Bernauer

Mr. Desmond Leslie, son of Sir Shane Leslie, and a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, married Miss Agnes Bernauer, daughter of Mr. Rudolph Bernauer, the producer and playwright, at St. James's, Spanish Place. The Pope sent his Apostolic Blessing, and witnesses included Lord Tredegar and Lady Leconfield



Noel—Fetherstonhaugh

Capt. Archibald Noel, Welsh Guards, son of Col. the Hon. C. H. F. Noel, O.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Noel, of Pülkerro House, Broughty Ferry, by Dundee, Angus married Miss Bridget Fetherstonhaugh, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Albany Fetherstonhaugh, of Llanwenarth, House, near Abergavenny, at Brompton Oratory

Dowse—Biggam

Major Peter Hall Dowse, M.B.E., R.A., son of Major-Gen. J. C. Dowse, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Dowse, of Priors Kitchen, Frimley, married Miss Ione Margaret Biggam, daughter of Major-Gen. A. G. Biggam, C.B., O.B.E., and Mrs. Biggam, of Kensington Close, W.8, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



James—Parry Dennis Moss

Capt. Stanley S. James, the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, married Miss Beryl Parry, the well-known rider, who lead the Cotswold P.C. Display at Olympia in 1934-35, and in Ireland and Scotland the following year. She served with the A.T.S. during the war



Williams—Rose

Major Richard Oliver M. Williams, M.C., Royal Signals, elder son of Professor and Mrs. J. W. Williams, The Roundel, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland, married Miss Camilla Mary St. Croix Rose, 2nd/O. W.R.N.S., daughter of Major I. St. Croix Rose, O.B.E., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Nancy Bradburne



Chisholm—Whitworth

A/Cdre. Roderick A. Chisholm, D.S.O., D.F.C., son of the late Mr. Edward Chisholm, and Mrs. Chisholm, of Craigarnham, Bridge of Allan, Stirling, Scotland, married S/O. Sanchia Whitworth, W.A.A.F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, of 24, Old Court Mansions, London, W.8

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 362)

Wiltshire. Many of the young members competed in the Crieff Horse Show successfully, and quite a display of coloured rosettes returned to Seggieden that night! A few days later they all competed in the very successful gymkhana which Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay organised on the South Inch, Perth, in aid of the Airborne Forces' Security Fund. This splendid cause will benefit considerably by this gymkhana, which was opened by the Lord Provost, Sir Robert Nimmo, and attended by nearly 8000 spectators.

Among the prize-winners on this occasion were Jane, Malcolm and Annala Drummond-Hay, and their cousins, Douglas, Sheena and Vora Mackintosh, and Diana Douglas-Hamilton, whose father, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, has just succeeded his brother, the Duke of Hamilton, as Commandant of the A.T.C. in Scotland. The Hon. Caroline Barrie, the twelve-year-old daughter of the late Lord Abertay, came over from Tullybelton to compete, and was second in the bending race.

Among the Prize-winners

OTHER prize-winners were Mairi Macrae, of Tibbermore; Jean Bell, of Auchterarder; Jennifer Johnson, who was staying at Seggieden; and Helen Drew, of Balavoulin, who won the Open Jumping. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay won a driving class; but later, when riding, unfortunately got a nasty gash in her leg when her mount ran into a post.

Another day all the young people at Seggieden rode over to Scone Palace to watch a cricket match played at the Earl of Mansfield's lovely home. Major Drummond-Hay took a team to play Lord Mansfield's eleven, which included his Etonian son, Viscount Stormont. It was a very exciting match, the visitors eventually winning by three runs.

Hospital Ball

THE Duchess of Grafton made an efficient and a pleasantly informal chairman at a committee meeting held at the Lansdowne House Club, when arrangements were discussed regarding the ball to be held on November 10th at Grosvenor House, in aid of St. George's Hospital. It was an autumnal day and the Duchess was fully justified in wearing a long mink coat, and her little pill-box hat of Oriental embroideries was very becoming to her. There was a room full of young people who are serving on the committee, its numbers including various members of the Duchess's family, such as Lady Jane Nelson and Lady Anne FitzRoy. For the rest, the names include young-marrieds such as Lady Camilla Nevill, the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Manners and Lady Penelope Van der Woude; while among the girls are Miss Alatheia FitzAlan Howard, Miss Monica Svenson-Taylor, Miss Diana Trafford, Miss Penelope Forbes and Miss Patricia Beauchamp. Quite a number of young men are on the committee, among them Lord St. Just, the Hon. Rupert Strutt, the Hon. Charles Stourton, and many others. There will be a short cabaret, and champagne, whisky, game, fur gloves and hand-made toys will be auctioned.

Out and About

LUNCHING at the May Fair last week were Miss Marianne Davis and her inseparable friend Miss Jane Carr, or Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, as she now is. Both were discussing with great interest Miss Davis's new venture in theatre management, as she is managing director of a new company which has recently taken over the Duchess Theatre.

Just as soon as *Blithe Spirit* moves out, Miss Davis's new show *What's in a Name?* will have its première at the theatre. The show, which is a most spectacular revue with an equally sensational scheme of décor, will star Miss Davis and Mr. Leigh Stafford.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

that frighten one, that stand out, are these that have clearly a buried "story" behind them—e.g., the Hinton Ampner Skull. Occasionally, I should have said, political or religious, as well as sexual, passion had left its traces or was in evidence: there were a number of Poltergeist infestations during or shortly after the Civil War; and the Epworth nuisance was a strong Jacobite, interrupting with a barrage of noise Mr. Wesley senior's attempts to pray aloud for King George. Borley—and ever since Mr. Price's earlier work, *Borley Rectory: The Most Haunted House in England*, I have been a Borley addict—seems to me the clearest case of a "story": not merely the early and somewhat conventional tale of the nun and the phantom coach with the headless driver, but a later, more complex one, connecting itself with the personality of the Rev. Harry Bull.

In fact—and with due regard for Mr. Price's discrediting of the ghost proper—Poltergeists are chiefly interesting where they cease to be sheer phenomena and assume at least some of the attributes of ghosts. Obviously, like more concrete parasites, they require foothold. I should say they exploited existing troubles. . . . I shall not attempt to summarise Mr. Price's important Chapter XXX: let me send the reader direct to it. *Poltergeist Over England* makes quite absorbing reading. I trust that none of our thousands of anxious house-hunters will find themselves finishing up in Old Poltergeist Homes. This pest can be worse than dry rot or rats.

Dear Creature

DEAR Lady Addle of Eigg, that soul of kindness, takes up the pen again. For *Lady Addle at Home* (Methuen; 6s.) we are indebted to Mary Dunn—whose wool-witted peeress first "bared her heart" in *Lady Addle Remembers*. Three Graces, indeed, were the daughters of the thirteenth Earl Coot; and idyllic their memories of Coots Balder. A close tie binds the sisters in after-life—our authoress, as châteline of Great Bengers, is, happily, seldom out of touch with Soppo or with the perennial Mipsie. Matrimonial troubles have driven Soppo to higher thought and the harp (with which she is depicted in her photograph); the much-married Mipsie, on the other hand, keeps glamorously abreast with our changing times. As, one might say, guest-artist, Mipsie herself contributes "Recollections." Lady Addle's aunt, Lady Georgina Twynge, "very energetic on the subject of cruelty to fish," her old friend Lord Gerald Gore-Blymigh, he of the ready wit, and her erstwhile hosts on the Continent, H.H. Archduke Blotto of Lotharia and the Princess Pansy of Splasche, also remain to memory dear.

Almost every subject—except, now I come to think of it, Poltergeists—provokes a unique reaction from Lady Addle. We have, as recurrent source of pleasure and inspiration, our dear creature's cooking experiments, tried out on Addle and the evacuees. Her wartime recipes should be memorised—soups, fish, entrées, sweets, savouries. Ingenuity never fails. "All that is needed," she feels, "for a good savoury is a little toast and a lot of imagination—or sometimes a lot of imagination and a lot of toast, as in the case of one of my specialities which I call 'Toast sur Toast' (it sounds so much more attractive in French)." Hardly less notable are her household hints. "The best way to skin a rabbit is to get your gardener to do so. If you have none, ask one of the tradespeople, who I find are always obliging and kind." Lady Addle, though she admires "those brave chemists who discover pillories and talcum and all those wonderful things in our daily fare," is herself a believer in the strong natural properties of earth: none should be washed from vegetables before cooking. The high point in the Great Bengers annals is, perhaps, the Salute the Soldier Fête in the Great Park. . . . *Lady Addle at Home* taps a deep and pure source of English funniness. If it does not become a classic, something will have gone wrong.



Several Youthful Holiday-makers Enjoy Themselves on the Sands of North Berwick

Lord and Lady Reay's three children paused a moment for the camera from the serious business of digging. Hugh William, the young Master of Reay, who was eight in July, is between his two sisters, the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay



Clapperton, Selkirk

A feminine quartette who were perched on the remains of a large sand-castle were Margaret and Jean, and twins Frances and Rosemary, who are the daughters of Lord and Lady William Montagu-Douglas-Scott. Lord William is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch

How to snap a seated figure



If, at close range, part of your subject is much nearer the camera than the rest, then that part will come out relatively much bigger, giving the sort of distorted result shown in the diagram. So, when snapping people at fairly close quarters, make sure there aren't any arms or legs stretched towards the camera.

By the way—Make a point of holding the camera level—if you tilt it up or down perspective becomes distorted.



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Each shoe a Model Shoe - Exclusive as a Model Gown

FASHION NOTEBOOK

by Jean Lorimer



Dormer Cole

Square shoulders, hugged-in waistline, slim hips—all the latest lines of fashion are incorporated in this Spectator suit of black woollen material. Worn with it is a dressy little pill-box of black taffeta which sets off to perfection the youthful beauty of the young model

Our artist's notebook tells the rest of the story as seen at the Spectator Sports model collection. Between now and Christmas these are the points to watch in spending precious coupons: draped bodice and sleeve—a pretty feminine conceit; velvet on wool—the one a perfect complement to the other; bead fringe trimming—very sophisticated and elegant; dolman sleeves, deep shoulder yokes and blouse backs in coats which will be worn both three-quarter and full length



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THEY FLATTER BECAUSE THEY FIT

32



Peace will one day again be a synonym for plenty. The most difficult days lie behind and the time is near when Cyclax preparations will again be in abundance. As their precious ingredients become obtainable and restrictions are eased, so will Cyclax preparations be available to safeguard the birthright of every woman—a lovely complexion.

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Stories from Everywhere

LETTER written by an African after being sacked for idleness at Sierra Leone:—

"Sir, on opening this epistle you will behold work of a dejobbed person and much childrenized gent who was violently dejobbed in a twinkling by your good self. Sir, consider yourself the catastrophe falling on your own head and remind yourself as walking home at the Moon End to Five Savage Wives and sixteen children with your pockets filled out with non-existent L.s.d. Not a solitary sixpence. Pity humble self, Sir, when being dejobbed and proceeding with heavy heart filled with misery to this Den of Doom. Myself did contemplate culpable homicide but Him that protected Daniel safely through Lions' Den will protect his servant in the course of evil.

Reason given by yourself, Esquire, for my dejobment was laziness. No sir, it is impossible for myself who has pitched sixteen children into this Valley of Tears can have a lazy action in his normal frame and the sudden departure of account monthly has left me on verge of destitution and despair. I hope the vision of honour will enrich your dreams tonight, and the good Angel will melt and pulverize your heart with kindness and much alacrity for the satisfaction and safety you will rejobulate your servant. Etc., etc.

TWO strangers in a first-class compartment were in friendly conversation. The windows had been closed by previous occupants, and the talk had drifted to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it," said one, "an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom windows open all the year round."

"Ha!" laughed the other. "It is easy to see, your profession."

"Indeed, and what do you think it is?"

"It's fairly obvious," came the reply, "that you are a doctor."

"Not at all," retorted the first, very confidentially, "to tell you the truth, I'm a—burglar!"

THE prize excuse was introduced during the trial of a man charged with wife-beating. A neighbour present during the assault was called as a witness for the prosecution. He described the blows in detail and the wife's helplessness.

In astonishment the judge turned to the witness and asked: "Do you mean the court to understand that you stood by and saw this man strike the poor woman again and again?"

"Yes, I saw it all."

"And you made no effort to interfere?"

"I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I was filling my pipe."

THE customer was having an unsuccessful time in the shop.

Everything he asked for either was not being made now, or was sold out. At last he said desperately, "Well, anyway, I'll have a packet of any cigarettes you've got."

"Sorry, sir," was the answer, "I haven't a packet in the place."

"Is it any use my coming tomorrow?" asked the customer.

"We close tomorrow, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "we're stock-taking."

JOAN had been naughty. When her mother was putting her to bed she said: "When you say your prayers, Joan, ask God to make you a good girl tomorrow."

With an inquiring glance, Joan said, "Why? What's on tomorrow?"



Leslie Banks and Yvonne Arnaud are the pioneers of the campaign to put on first-class productions throughout the British zone, and are now entertaining the British army over the Rhine with a full West End cast in the play "The Circle." They were photographed at the entrance of the ENSA theatre in Iserlohn under the notice which forbids civilians to enter the theatre

PIN-UP PORTFOLIO

● In cabins, huts, dugouts and all places where men on active service turn their thoughts homewards, the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings and the austerity of life. The David Wright Girls—blondes and brunettes, demure and not so demure—are known in the messes far and wide, for a series of them has adorned our sister paper, *The Sketch*, for a long time in the form of a coloured plate. Now, such is the demand for these Wallflowers, no less than sixteen of them—the pick of the bunch—are offered together in the "David Wright Portfolio." These plates, in full colours, are nicely bound and printed and cost a modest five shillings (by post 5s. 3d.) from The Publisher, *The Sketch* Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

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EXPLANATION: War conditions restrict the sale of Rose's Lime Juice in Britain. But in many parts of the Empire distribution goes on. Here, you see how we spread the news in those great countries that make up the British Empire. ★ Here is an advertisement to be published in India.



HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

"Oh mali, that was fine display of flowers you made on luncheon table. All the sahibs are saying it is like Chelsea Flower Show, plus plethora of knobs."

"Humble though my station be, oh butler, I am no mean horticulturist."

"True, oh mali, for to my certain knowledge you have not watered garden for three whole weeks. Nothing there but dust and liards."

"Nevertheless cantonment has more than one garden. Furthermore the

Colonel Sahib is shortly going on leave. It may be he will remember me before he goes."

"Oh mali, here is long arm of coincidence. Last night the Colonel Sahib gave big party. I myself provided much Rose's Lime Juice, lest there might be hangovers, with consequent retrospective lack of largesse."

"Butler, you have put the matter in a conch shell. We of the East may be inscrutable, but we sure do know our onions."

ROSE'S — There is no substitute



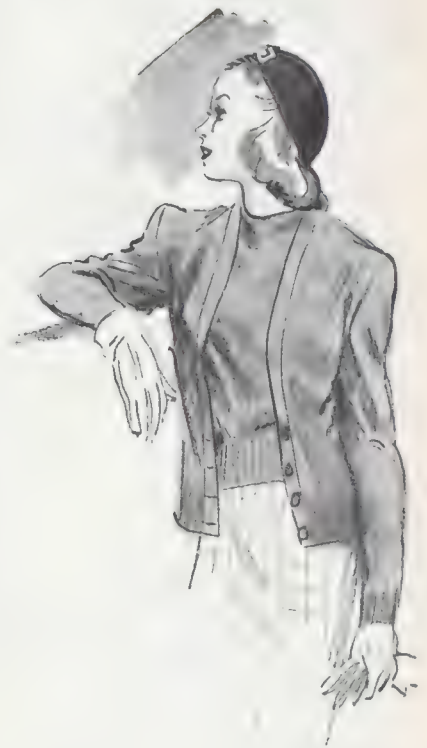
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The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the noted airwoman and racing motorist, was referred to by Major Oliver Stewart in "Air Eddies" on September 5th as planning air services offering passengers travel at 2½d. per mile. She is one of the pioneers of civil aviation routes in this country, and is seen with her Cairn at the wheel of her Rolls Royce

Tiered Transport

ONLY an aircraft carrier and a bicycle are needed to add to the Avro York motor car transporter in order to produce a mechanical equivalent of the saying about big fleas having little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em. Or one might liken it to the Chinese boxes. The aircraft carrier would carry the aircraft, the aircraft would carry a motor car and the motor car would carry a bicycle. (I am not suggesting, by the way, that somebody should try to take a York off from a carrier.)

Putting vehicle within vehicle has its advantages and especially when the aircraft is the outside, or carrying, vehicle. At first sight the idea of stuffing three Austin Eights or, alternatively, three Austin Tens into a York fuselage and then flying them to their delivery point seems, as the grammarians would say, tautological. And I suppose that if the Austins were being delivered from Manchester to Glasgow it would be. But when they are being delivered to one of the Dominions or Colonies the picture is very different. They cannot be driven because whatever route is chosen there is always a sea passage to be negotiated. There

may also be mountains and deserts between the factory and the delivery point. In the old days we half-shipped, half-drove motor cars to their destinations overseas. The Avro York can do the whole thing in one swoop and put the brand new car down at the door of the purchaser or as near to it as there is an aerodrome.

Export and Price

I THINK, therefore, that it was sensible of A. V. Roe and Company to adapt a York for this work. Capturing the export market for motor cars is not only a matter of building good cars; it is also a matter of delivering them quickly. The York's success as a motor car transporter will depend upon the value of speed in delivery. How much more will a man in some distant part pay to have his car delivered in days where it used to take months? That is the crux of the matter.

A large four-engined machine like the York is a costly kind of freighter. But it has the range and speed. With three cars on board it can do 3,100 miles non-stop. I do not know what the cost per ton mile would be; but obviously it would be very high. The Miles Aerovan, on the other hand, which can take one car, has a very low cost per ton mile, but its range is insufficient for the kind of work visualized for the York. I do not believe that the idea of transporting motor cars by air is fantastic. I think it may prove practical and highly important in stimulating exports.

Stratovision

IT is by devising new uses for aircraft that we shall mitigate the reduction in aviation that must occur as we get down to a peace-time economy. Another strange but interesting scheme for putting aircraft to a new purpose has been published by the American companies of Westinghouse and Glenn Martin. It seems, according to the Westinghouse engineers, that the most powerful television stations on the ground have a range of only about fifty miles. But because of the way the waves travel the range can be extended by raising the transmitter higher from the ground. Thus a television transmitter flying at 30,000 feet could, according to these authorities, transmit at ranges of more than 200 miles. So the scheme is to put up a fleet of televising aircraft—or flying transmitting stations—and to space them out so that they can cover a big area in the United States.

It is almost certain that the public in this country will not long tolerate the close limitations applying to television if the use of aircraft enables them to be broken down and the ranges extended.

Then, as another use of aircraft, is the proposal of the British Ecological Society. This is for the conduct of aerial surveys to study vegetation and wild life in Britain and the Colonies. Efforts like these, to extend the uses of aircraft in peace, are of the utmost value and ought to be encouraged.

Records

WHEN the Mosquito set up the Atlantic record from east to west of just over seven hours, we heard again, of course, that the crew had not been attempting to make a record. It was just a routine flight. It is time somebody in this country did try to set up a record. And why not attack the world's speed record? If the Ministry of Aircraft Production figures mean anything, they mean that there are now in existence British aircraft which could establish a new world's speed record. Why not use them for this purpose? It would be a relief to have a properly authenticated figure to quote as the fastest speed of one of these machines instead of the figures handed out by officials without any real guarantee that they are accurate.

The world's speed record stands at about 470 miles an hour and is held by Germany. She set the record not long before the outbreak of war. Aircraft like the Vampire could beat this record any time the attempt were made. So why not make it? The prestige effect of the world's records is great, the reason being that people in aviation are a sceptical lot and that they doubt any figures except those obtained under the stringent conditions laid down by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale.

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'Genasprin' is the safe, sure brand of aspirin that will not harm the heart or the digestion. And fortunately there is no longer any need to accept a substitute for it: your chemist has it in stock at 1/5d. & 2/3d.

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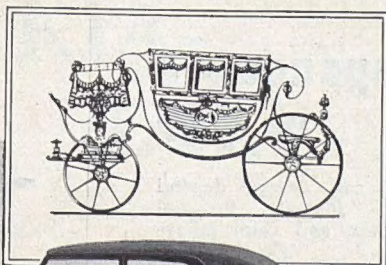
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supply you can look forward
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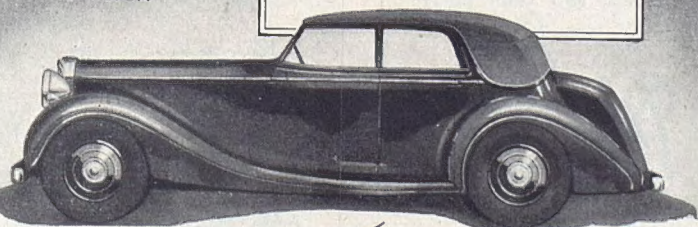
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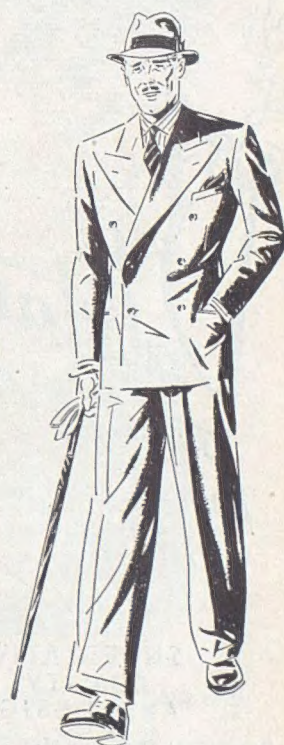


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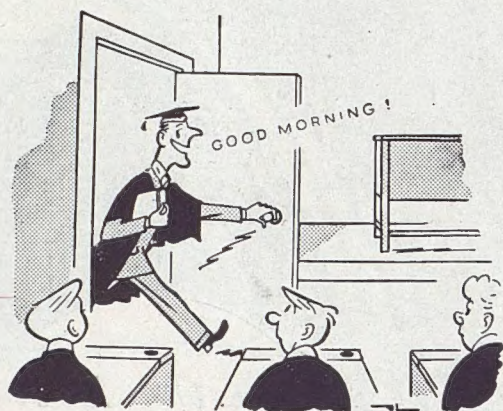
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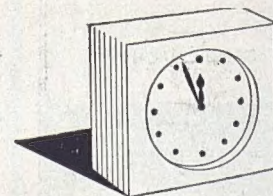
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The new ample pockets and roomy cut above and below the waist give a touch of pleasing Paris extravagance to this herringbone tweed coat with its contrasting collar and all-round belt. Yet the long, slim line from shoulder-yoke to hip is carefully calculated for trimness and figure flattery.



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Skin Beauty

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in lukewarm water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

Anne French CLEANSING MILK

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's worth searching for. Price 2/6d. including Purchase Tax.

2/5, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

To the men of the forces we lift
our hearts, hats and voices; yes,
and our glasses, though they cannot
yet be charged with

KIA- ORA

Kia-Ora fruit squashes were
and will again be the world's
best.



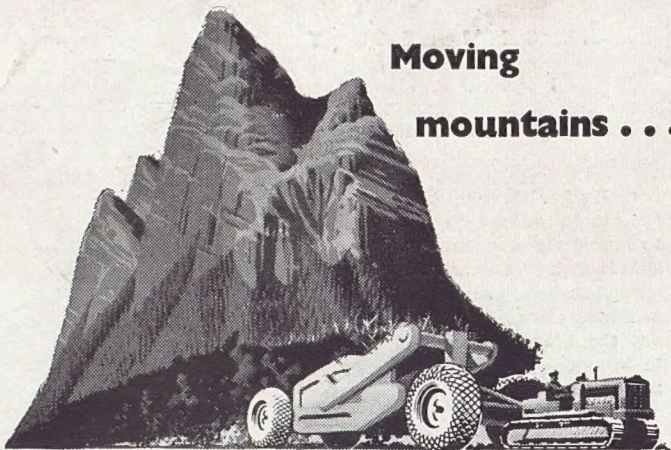
**If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because
many continue to have special need of it**

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs will still have to be met.

It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Moving mountains . . .



Wherever the Allied Armies march to raise the Standard of Freedom, heavy constructional and demolition work is playing a vital role in their relentless advance. For the Dumpers and Scrapers—those huge machines that can literally “move mountains”—have built airfields, roads and bridges often in months’ less time than they used to take.

Without the giant pneumatic tyre,

the Dumpers and Scrapers could not have reached their present standard of efficiency, for no “ordinary” tyre could operate under the conditions which heavy constructional work imposes. The giant pneumatic tyre was developed and pioneered by Goodyear inside whose Research Laboratories many of the inventions that are the life-blood of progress itself are being constantly born.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to progress



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TAKE THE BRAKE OFF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY



IN 1938 THE MOTOR INDUSTRY USED 526,027 TONS OF IRON AND STEEL

Jacobite Toasts

In those troubled days when loyalties were divided, many were the Jacobite tricks devised to mark real allegiance. A favourite one was to pass the glass over the finger-bowl when drinking the King's health and thus toasting the king “over the water”. In Georgian days to guard against this practice, the use of finger bowls was banned when royalty were present—a prohibition which was maintained until the accession of Edward VII.

Another trick was to toast “The King” and recite:

“Here's damnation to the Pretender,
And God bless the King!”



Who that Pretender is, and who that King
God Bless us ‘All’—that's quite another thing!”

Yet another was the toast to “the little gentleman in black velvet” meaning the mole that built the mole-hill on which William III's horse stumbled and threw him in 1702.

Schweppes

★ Table Waters
famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return

“BLACK & WHITE”

SCOTCH WHISKY



“Are you ready for a stimulant?” In times of stress “Black & White” is a splendid tonic.



It's the Scotch!

